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The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 70.—Vol. VI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 5, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Parcel

Lady Alexandra Acheson

Who is engaged to be married to Captain the Hon. F. W. Stanley, youngest son of Lord Derby. Lady Alexandra is a god-daughter of the Queen

No. 70.—Vol. VI.

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Wednesday, April 5 1905

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"Tales from Spain." By J. G. P. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)

"A Rough Reformer." By Ernest Glanville. (Constable: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Letters from Catalonia." By Rowland Thirlmere. With many Black and White, and some Coloured, Illustrations. 2 Vols. (Hutchinson: 24s. net.)

Boccaccio's Decameron With an Essay on Boccaccio as Man and Author, by John Addington Symonds. (Routledge's Early Novelists' Library: 6s. net.)

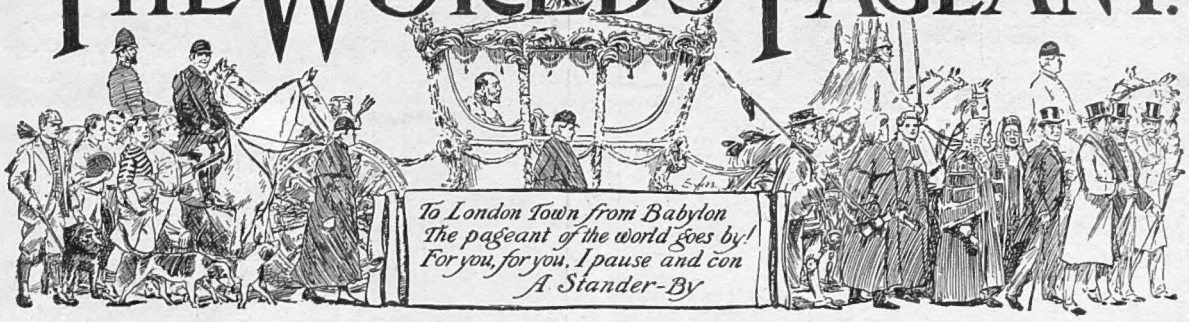
The Heptameron of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre. (Routledge's Early Novelists' Library; 6s. net.)

"Tricks of a Rolling Stone." By Hon. Henry J. Coke. (Smith, Elder: 10s. 6d. net.)

"Oscar Wilde." The Story of an Unhappy Friendship. By R. H. Sherard. (Greening: 5s. net.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.



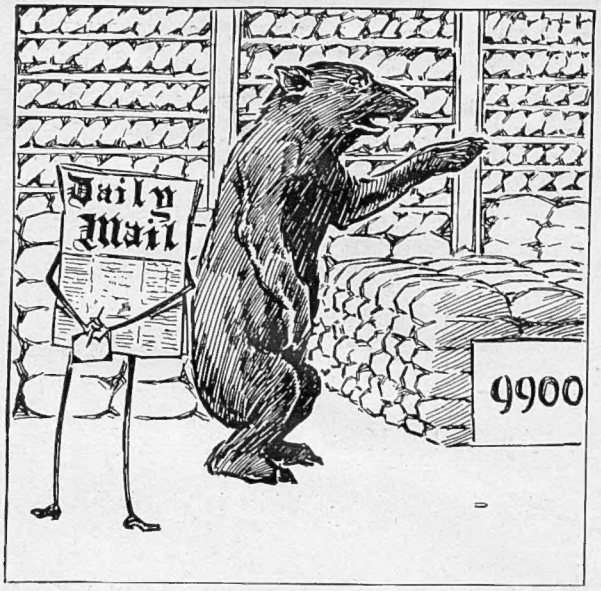
London: Wednesday, April 5, 1905

The most interesting item of news from Russia is that the Tsar has attempted to commit suicide, and that the act was only prevented by the timely intervention of the Queen-Mother. There is probably more than a glimmer of truth in the news, especially since the *New York Herald*, which, as a pro-Russian journal, has been singularly well-informed as to the progress of events in St. Petersburg, is responsible for the statement. With the further fall in Russian securities, and Russia's absolute necessity to come to terms with the enemy, it is probable that the Tsar's eyes have been at length opened. His attempt at suicide is quite on a par with his other rash acts of the past twelve months.

The humorous side of affairs in Russia has been supplied by the *Daily Mail*, which always fills unconsciously the post of jester to the daily Press. The *Times*, having cast aspersions on the value of the Russian gold reserve, was invited by the Russian Minister of Finance to inspect the treasure, but declined to do so. The *Daily Mail*, however, jumped at the opportunity offered to its contemporary, and did, in fact, inspect the Russian reserves. We have, therefore, to thank its correspondent for the information that he saw canvas sacks of material labelled as containing varied kinds of bullion. The question, however, which disturbs *la haute finance* is not that Russia possesses sixty-five millions sterling in

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING "TOP DOG"

"Stop! Stop! my friends, I only want THIRTY millions"



The Russian War Treasure

"Here it is, you see—count it yourself"

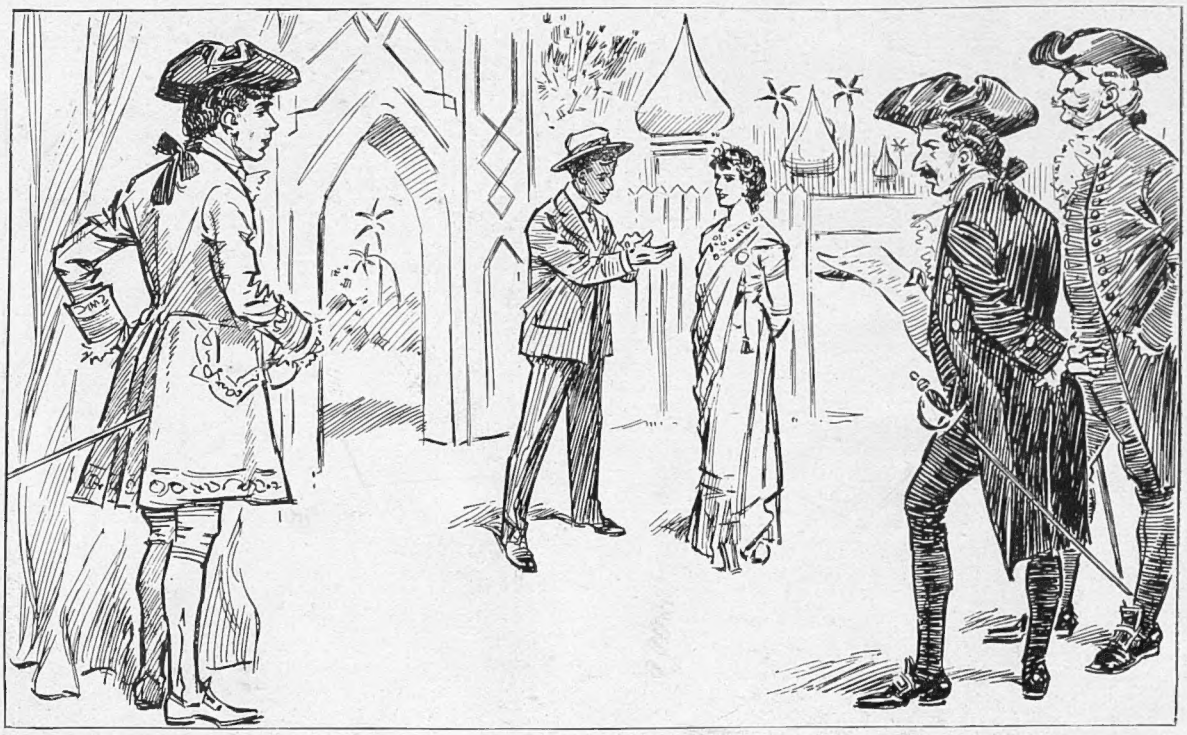
Called to Order

P.C. GULLY (to Master CHURCHILL): "How dare you speak so rudely to the gentleman"

gold reserve, but whether that sum is sufficient to meet her floating liabilities.

* * *

Peace seems more probable than was the case a week ago, the success of Japan's loan and the failure of their own having done more to open the Russian Government's eyes than a dozen defeats would have done. But procrastination is possibly the worst enemy that Russia has. While she is wasting time in trying to effect bluffs which everyone sees through, Admiral Togo is drawing closer and closer to Rozhdestvensky. Judging from what we know of the two Admirals and of their personnel, the result of an encounter seems to be a safe matter for speculation, even were the Russian's fleet not immeasurably inferior to Togo's in quality. It is not unlikely that before these lines appear the much-advertised Baltic Fleet will have ceased to exist.



"THE CRITIC" (MANGLED)

HARRY VEREKER *(Mr. Hayden Coffin)*: "Ah! here she comes!"
SNEER *(Mr. Justice Darling)*: "Haven't I heard that line before?"
PUFF *(Mr. J. T. Tanner)*: "No; I fancy not. Where, pray?"
DANGLE *(Mr. Geo. Edwardes)*: "Yes, I think there is something like it in the *Hanjiahn*"
PUFF: "Gad! Now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but it's of no consequence; all that can be said is that two people happened to hit upon the same thought, and—Frazer made use of it first—that's all"

—R. B. SHERIDAN *(or thereabouts)*

It has occurred to people that the defeat of Russia has effected the balance of parties in the game of International politics. The Alliance between Russia and France was a set-off against the Triple Alliance of Italy, Austria, and Germany. It is true Italy has for some time been a rather unwilling member of the Alliance, for Italian opinion is fast recognising that, as a customer and ally, France is worth more than Austria and Germany combined. Some one has suggested a new Triple Alliance between Great Britain, France, and Italy. Such an alliance, while possible, would entangle this country in a manner which she does not desire, but it might be feasible if a *quid pro quo* were offered. If France, say, were to offer our manufactures the same freedom of entry in her ports as we allow hers in entering ours, there would be an alliance which would benefit and strengthen both nations to an extent which it is difficult to compute.

* * *

Mr. Balfour, in ignoring the resolutions on the Fiscal problem, which have been passed by the House of Commons, on two succeeding weeks, has, people say, not done the Conservative Party a service. The constituencies are proving themselves, more and more, to be opposed to the present Government, and in the future the Party will suffer owing to the Premier's disregard of the national desire to see a new Government in power. Mr. Balfour's theory that the Fiscal discussions in Parliament are merely academic debates is not shared by the constituencies, especially since the leaders of the Opposition have taken formal part in them, and have given their vote. The sooner Mr. Balfour resigns the better it will be for Conservatism.

* * *

Captain Fraser gained pretty substantial damages from Mr. George Edwardes in the *Cingalee* case. It was brought out amusingly in Court, but is none the less true, that it is the easiest matter in the world to institute comparisons between plays, or, indeed, between any products of the imagination. Captain Fraser had an idea for a musical comedy on conventional lines, but beyond the scenario—for which he received £400 — the work was considered useless by Mr. Edwardes until it received expert treatment. Theatrical managers are always the recipients of "ideas," and in most cases their inventors place extravagant values upon them. It is no uncommon matter in newspaper offices, either, for strangers to walk in and offer an idea which, as a rule, is not only worthless, but valued by its producer at a figure in inverse ratio to its practicability. In the *Cingalee* case, of course, since it is still *sub judice*, we offer no opinion as to whether the £3,000 damages were excessive or not.

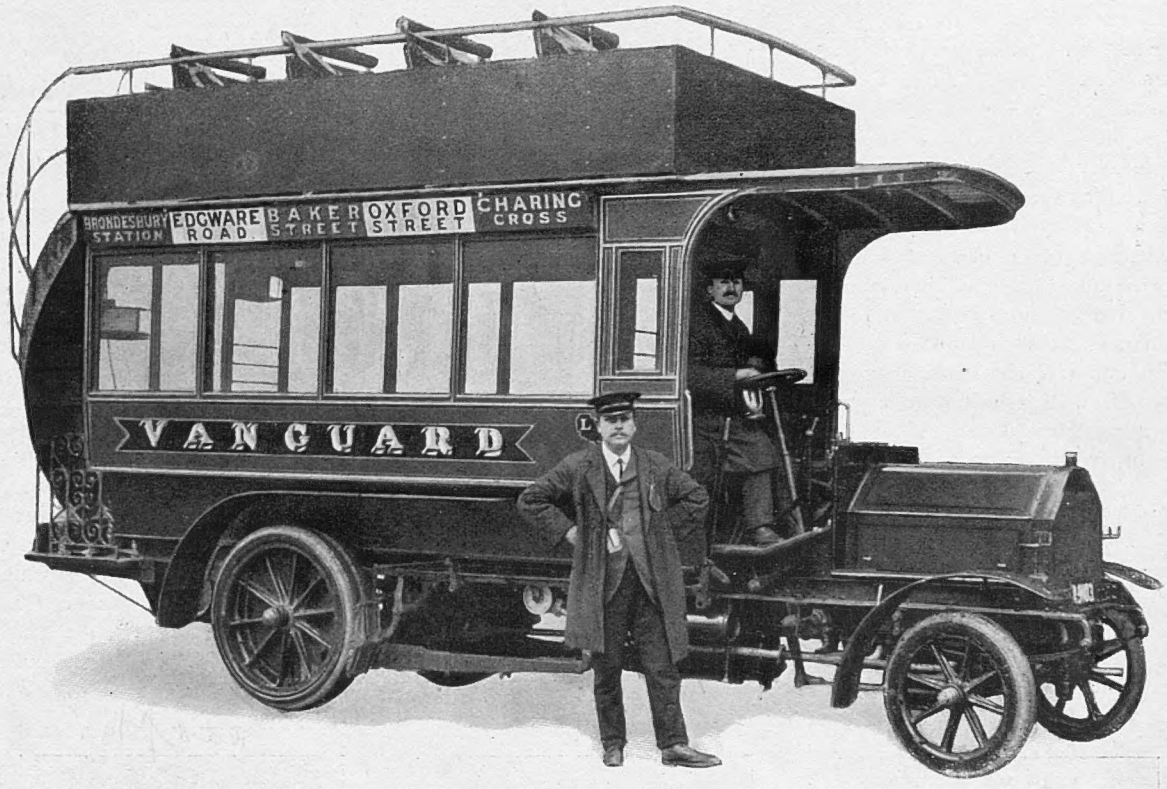


Photo by *Advance Agency*

The Arrival of the Motor Omnibus: The vanguard-line just started by the London Motor-Omnibus Company

The motor omnibus has only just arrived, but already it has reduced fares by half and can travel its journey in less than half the time occupied by the horse-drawn vehicle. The London Motor Omnibus Company have placed six upon the road between Brondesbury and Charing Cross. The buses on each route will be distinguished by a name. Five Milnes-Daimler motor omnibuses will be delivered to the Company every fortnight until the complement of one hundred is reached

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Princess Patricia of Connaught

The second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught has been frequently mentioned of late as a possible Queen of Spain. It is, however, said that this rumour has caused the parents of Her Royal Highness considerable annoyance, for Alphonse XIII. must wed a Roman Catholic Princess, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are known to entertain the most serious views concerning religious matters. Princess Patricia, whom many people consider the beauty of the family, was born at Windsor Castle; she was given her name out of compliment to her father's connection with Ireland, and during the Duke of Connaught's sojourn in that country, his second daughter was regarded with peculiar interest by the warm-hearted people of Dublin. At her forthcoming wedding with the son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, it is said that Princess Margaret will have only Royal bridesmaids in order that her sister may be included among them.

Photo by *Mendelssohn*

Princess Patricia of Connaught

Whose engagement to young King Alfonso of Spain has been rumoured, much to the annoyance of the Duke and Duchess

Dr. Nansen

We in England have certainly taken Dr. Nansen, the "Hero as Explorer," to our sentimental hearts. His lecture at the Royal Geographical Society was enthusiastically received, and the Doctor himself inspires English people, and especially English women, with an admiration which is usually reserved for violinists with extravagant hair. Nansen is quite unspoiled by praise, and Mrs. Nansen, who is even less demonstrative than he, regards it as a matter of no importance whatever that she should have been received by kings and queens and potentates of every kind. It is impossible to get the Nansens to take themselves seriously. When Mrs. Nansen is attacked by interviewers, she repels them by saying, in a stolid voice and with her good-natured smile, "I know nothing about Nansen." She finds that evasion quite as effective as Stanley used to find his "God bless you! *I've* no story to tell." Her modesty prevents her from admitting that she climbed a particularly inaccessible Norwegian peak with her husband, in the dead of winter, a year or two ago, and that she knows as much about the details of his wanderings as he. Nansen himself seems to incarnate the Spirit of the North. There is something in his long, loosely-knit body, and cold blue eyes, and fair hair and moustache, which suggests the snow and the ice. He is, of course, a confirmed wanderer, and longs to start on a South Pole expedition at once. He is a fairly considerable landowner in his native country, and owns what was

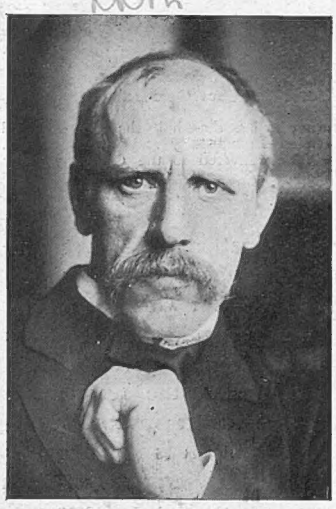


Photo by *Bolak*

Fridtjof Nansen

The great Artic explorer, who, as the guest of the Royal Geographical Society, has been lecturing upon the quarrel between Norway and Sweden

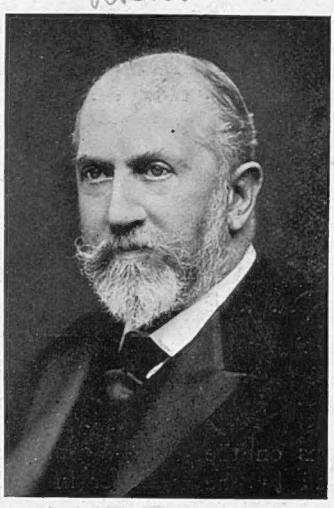


Photo by *Langfier*

The Earl of Derby

Who entertained the King at Knowsley during Grand National Week at Aintree

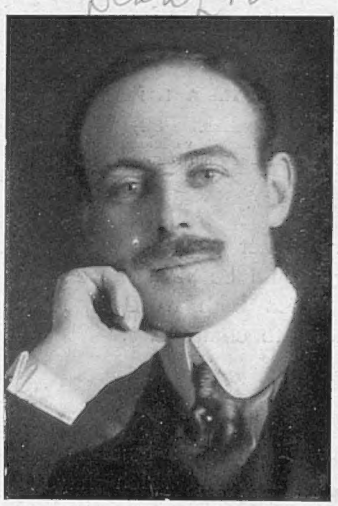


Photo by *Downey*

The Late Hon. Oliver Borthwick

Son of Lord Glenesk, and associated with him in the management of the *Morning Post*

A "Hero as Explorer"

formerly the Sörkichen Hotel, and many acres of fine hunting and fishing country on the borders of Telemarken. He spends his idle moments in ski-running, a delirious form of exercise, which nearly killed him as a boy. When he was about fifteen, a friend made him a present of an ideal pair of skis. As soon as he received them, young Nansen made for the summit of a hill, hurled himself at a vertiginous speed to the bottom of it, and landed head foremost in a heap of snow, which was fortunately there to receive him. He was discovered to be in fits of laughter when his schoolfellows picked him out, and the incident is typical of the reckless and imperturbable temper with which he has gone through life.

The Late Hon. Oliver Borthwick

Such, nowadays, is the influence of the higher class of journalism that the sadly premature death of the Hon. Oliver Borthwick may almost be said to affect the whole community. Born only thirty-two years ago, Mr. Borthwick joined his father, Lord Glenesk, in the administration of the *Morning Post* before fully attaining man's estate, and at once showed that he had all the ability necessary to conduct a great paper. What has since been achieved by father and son is common knowledge; though, perhaps, the difficulty of the task that lay before them has scarcely been realised. It was a critical period for a journal that partially relied for its prosperity on what is termed Society, and yet to compete with formidable rivals, required the introduction of a popular element, without resorting to certain artifices not altogether unknown. Success was not to be reached without the exercise of the nicest discrimination, and the late Mr. Borthwick was singularly suited for such an enterprise. With a clear and shrewd judgment he combined fine literary and artistic tastes; he was, moreover, possessed of a peculiarly fascinating presence, while his amiability commanded the admiration and respect of all who worked under him. The profoundest sympathy is due to Lord Glenesk for the cruel fate that robbed him of his only son, in whom all his hopes were centred; while the marvellous fortitude with which Mr. Borthwick bore his sufferings can never be forgotten by his sorrowing relatives, and an exceptionally wide circle of friends.

Photo by *Thomson*

The Countess of Shaftesbury

The daughter of Lady Grosvenor, and sister to the present Duke of Westminster

Photo by] **The Hon. Dorothy Calthorpe** [*Esmé Collings*

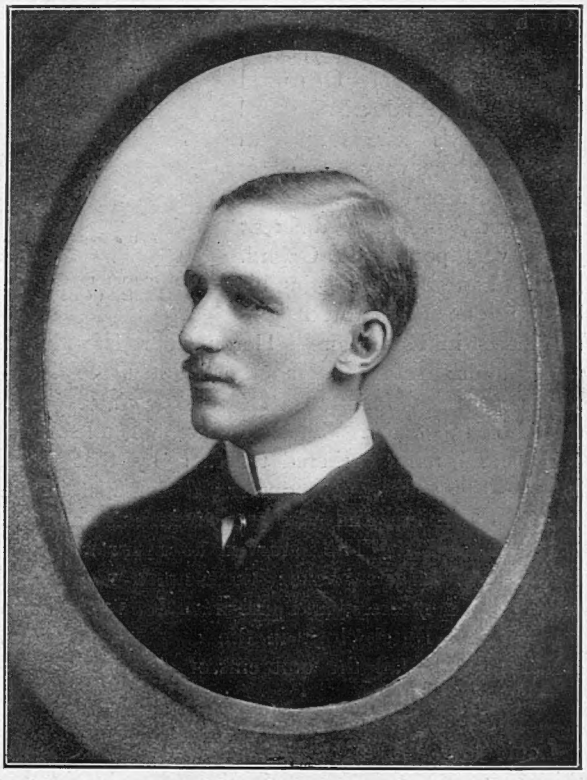


Photo by] **The Earl of Malmesbury** [*Elliott and Fry*

WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED ON APRIL 27

French Claimant's Remarkable Appeal

Lady Shaftesbury

Lady Shaftesbury must have gone through a period of acute anxiety during the recent serious illness of her only sister, Lady Beauchamp. The two sisters are devoted to one another; Lady Shaftesbury is only one year older than Lady Beauchamp, and till her marriage, which took place six years ago, they were never separated. This has been an eventful winter for the two young Countesses, for they are both greatly attached to their step-father, Mr. George Wyndham, and they must deeply sympathise with the political catastrophe which has caused him to retire from office. Lady Shaftesbury is the mistress of St. Giles' House, Salisbury, an interesting mansion full of memorials of the great noble who was, perhaps, the most famous of Victorian philanthropists.

An Interesting Wedding

The marriage of the young Earl of Malmesbury will add a charming peeress to county Society. Miss Dorothy Calthorpe, herself a peer's daughter, is still in her teens, and the marriage is likely to be one of the prettiest of late April bridal functions. After Easter, there will be three ladies having a right to the style of Countess of Malmesbury, for the widows of the third and fourth Earls are still living: Susan, Lady Malmesbury, being now the wife of General Sir John Ardagh. Lord Malmesbury's heir is his own twin-brother; they were at Christ Church together and were both, in their different ways, very popular at Oxford. Lord Malmesbury will bring his bride to one of the most delightful places in Hampshire. Heron Court is within a pleasant drive of Bournemouth, and it is the fisherman's paradise, for the estate includes a five-mile stretch of the Stour. The house contains all sorts of curios and relics gathered together by that Lord Malmesbury who was so popular a diplomatist in the mid-Victorian era, and who was so intimate a friend of Napoleon III. The library is famed for its prints rather than for its books; there are a number of priceless old masters, and one rather ghastly curio consists of a Dutch clock in the shape of a coffin, surmounted by all the emblems of death.

Photo by Whitlock

The Duke of Orleans

Claimant to the French throne, who thinks that France would do well to call him to the throne

The Duke of Orleans

Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, has done many things in his day, although he is only in his thirty-sixth year. He was born at York House, Twickenham, whence his father, the Comte de Paris, settled when he fled from France. The Duke received a commission in the 60th Rifles, and served for a time in India; but on attaining his twenty-first birthday, he went to Paris, but, being by law an exile, he was for a short while imprisoned and then expelled. The Duke, in common with most Royal exiles, affects to believe that his native land is in dire distress because he does not govern its destinies, and has just indited a very curious letter to a body of followers, urging that France should eschew Republicanism and seek her salvation by recalling him to the throne:

> During the past five years, the ills of our country have doubled, increasing in me with the grief of exile the consciousness of my duty. More than ever should Monarchial truth be opposed to Republican error. Apparent and fleeting truces cannot modify the course of events. Stronger than human designs, the very fault of the institution is dragging on the régime to its fatal goal, anarchy. The Republican State is a beheaded State. Everyone feels and deplores this. The popular instinct wants a chief, yet by unanimous admission there is only a disarmed President, who is the eternal slave of Parliament, of his Ministers, of the lodges, and committees. The King alone can restore utility with dignity to the supreme magistracy. Raised above all rival traditions, independent of parties, solicitous for the public weal and the interests of the nation, Monarchy, which is traditional through its principle and modern through its institutions, remains the only power capable of restoring to France, order, economic prosperity, moral prestige, and, with her rank in the world, her brilliancy of former days.

Quite apart from the fact that besides the Orleans family representing the Bourbons, there is also the Bonaparte family who claim the throne of France, it seems to mere outsiders that France is better off as she is. As a matter of fact, France has never been more stable, more solvent, more respected, or better governed than she is to-day. The Duke of Orleans must not be confounded with Prince Henri d'Orleans, who fought a duel a few years ago with the Comte de Turin.

Lady Alexandra Acheson

Lady Alexandra Acheson, the subject of our frontispiece, is not only the god-daughter and favourite young friend of our beautiful Queen, but she is granddaughter to that greatest of political and social hostesses, Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire. Few young people have led so interesting a life as have the children of Lord and

A New "Divine Desdemona"

Lady Gosford. They have been included in most of the historic house-parties held of late years at Chatsworth, and Lady Alexandra and her sisters made their début at Devonshire House. A pleasant episode in the Ladies Acheson's life was their being painted by Mr. Sargent. The composition of the picture was very original, and showed the three lovely sisters in a southern garden. The engagement of Lady Alexandra Acheson to the young st son of Lord and Lady Derby is especially interesting, owing to the fact that Lady Alice Stanley, the wife of her fiancé's eldest brother, is her aunt. The marriage will probably take place in London, and will bring together a wonderful gathering, for Their Majesties will almost certainly honour Lord and Lady Gosford by being present at the ceremony. Both the bride's parents are members of Queen Alexandra's household, and Lady Gosford is one of Her Majesty's most intimate personal friends.

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Tita Brand

Who will shortly produce *Othe'lo*, with Mr. Hubert Carter as the Moor, at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss Brand will play Desdemona

Miss Tita Brand

Candidates for managerial honours can always be sure of a hearty send-off from the play-going public, which appreciates the difficulties of the venture. The latest recruit to the slender ranks of our actress-managers is Miss Tita Brand, daughter of the well-known singer, Mme. Marie Brema. All success to the young player, who proposes to run a repertoire company of Shakespeare and old comedy at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss Brand comes from a good school. Like clever Miss Wynne Matthison, now Sir Henry Irving's leading lady, she won her spurs in Mr. Ben Greet's production of *Everyman*, which was well received in England and cordially acclaimed in America. Among Miss Brand's

Photo by *Kirk*

Mr. George Williamson

Who was debarred by an accident from riding the King's horse, Moifaa, in the Grand National

Photo by *Lafayette*

Captain Mackenzie, D.S.O.

Who has been awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society for the most meritorious rescue in 1904

Marie Dainton—Successful Stockbroker

more recent parts have been Huguette in *If I were King*, which she played on tour with Mr. George Alexander's Company; the Fairy Queen in Mr. Arthur Bourchier's production of Kingsley's *Water Babies* at the Garrick Theatre; and last November, the Leader of the Chorus in *Hypolitus* at the Court Theatre.

A Brave Irishman

Until Mr. W. B. Yeats came to its resuscitation, the Celtic temperament, as it affected our Literature and Art, was a poor, fragile thing. Yet it has always stood for virility, and if it has slumbered in the direction of the Arts, it has always been to the fore on the platform and in the field, as can easily be proved by running over a list of the greatest of our orators and soldiers. Captain T. C. Mackenzie, D.S.O., of Newcastle West, Co Limerick, is its latest exponent in the way of heroism, to whom has been awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal for the most meritorious rescue in 1904. The Captain, who was invalided home on the steamer *Saghalien*, heard the cry, "Man overboard," when that vessel was in the Ionian Sea, and, without any hesitation, jumped in to the rescue. A lifebelt was thrown, and this he secured, and with it reached the unfortunate man who was in difficulties. Another buoy drifting towards him, he lashed the two together, all the while treading water, and, after making his charge secure, calmly swam about to await the lifeboat, which, owing to the choppy sea and the speed of the steamer at the time of the accident, did not reach him until forty minutes had passed. Indeed, both rescuer and rescued were out of sight before a boat could be put out.

Photo by *Kevis*

The Late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn

The Dowager Duchess, who was nearly ninety-three years of age, died at her Sussex residence, Coates Castle, last week

Miss Marie Dainton

Part of Miss Marie Dainton's success upon the lyric stage is due to her gift of mimicry, and our readers will recollect her impersonations in *The Chinese Honeymoon*, assisted by Mr. Farren Soutar. Miss Dainton has now found a new model upon which to exercise her art. She has been giving a highly successful imitation — off the stage—of a successful stockbroker.

It is given to very few of the sterner sex to make a fortune of £100,000 on the Stock Exchange, and this *coup*, effected by a woman, should be brought before the societies which aim at an extended sphere for women's work. Even the most advanced members of such societies could not have anticipated this last venture.

Photo by *Langfier*

The New Marquis of Anglesey

Photographs of the exterior and interior of Anglesey Castle will be found on page 28

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Marie Dainton

Who has cleared £100,000 by successful dealing on the Stock Exchange

TRIAL BY JEST

Mr. Justice Darling

PRINCIPALS IN THE AMUSING "CINGALEE" CASE, WHICH HAS HAD SUCH A SUCCESSFUL RUN AT THE COURTS

Photos by C. H. Park

1 **Mr. George Edwardes**
Defendant, who lost his case

2 **Mr. J. T. Tanner**
Author of *The Cingalee*

3 **Captain Fraser**
Plaintiff, who was awarded £3,000 damages

4 **Mr. Huntley Wright**
Star Comedian

5 **Mr. "Owen Hall"**
An "expert" on libretto writing

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Mr. "Lal" Brough

Picolot, Victoire's husband, in *A Man's Shadow*

At His Majesty's Theatre

"A MAN'S SHADOW"

The budding dramatist is the modern martyr. His wrongs are being sung to high heaven by the whole playgoing community, so anxious are they to see the burgeoning of his talent. "For eleven years I knocked persistently at the doors," cried Alfred Sutro, in a heartfelt oration, at the Playgoers' Club. The audience murmured their sympathy, and thought black things of the managers.

The budding dramatist unconsciously entwines himself round every question which affects the modern theatre. He helped to keep the agitation alive for a Repertory Theatre. "What a chance for the coming dramatist to get his plays produced," cried the quidnuncs, and no one questioned their disinterestedness. I would add a small voice to the uproar of sympathy and advice which greets the budding dramatist from every quarter. My counsel is addressed more particularly to those who have been attacked by the microbe of playwriting since the last production of *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket Theatre, sixteen years ago.

Lessons in Construction

Let such an one repair to His Majesty's to see a play which is a perfect model in construction. The framework is as solid, and as beautifully fitted, as that of a new hotel built on the American design. Adding the bricks and mortar might afford a few afternoons' amusement in kindergarten fashion for a class of little dramatists. It is common, nowadays, to sneer at "machine-made drama," but it has its uses, if those uses be merely to afford an object-lesson to the young playwright, and thrills galore, to the unsophisticated playgoer.

Two simple tests will suffice to show the cleverness of Messrs. I. Mary and G. Grisier, from whose work Robert Buchanan made his adaptation. First, there is a feeling that, by the agency of force of circumstances alone, are the characters brought on the stage. One never feels disposed to greet them with a mental "Hullo! and what have you got to say?"

Miss Constance Collier

Julie, wife of Raymond de Noirville, in *A Man's Shadow*

A Plot that Unravels Itself

Again, you can go home and relate the whole plot — not a simple one by any means — with a clearness and precision which will astonish you. Try the experiment, and you will find yourself actually becoming excited by the dramatic points in your own narration. It is a strong human story punctuated with *coups de théâtre*. It is a play of the theatre, theatrical. It is decked out in the most telling garments of the theatrical wardrobe.

Mr. Robb Harwood

Jean Ricordot, a deaf witness, in *A Man's Shadow*

Moreover, it throws the limelight upon depths of Mr. Tree's talent which have been hidden for quite a season. His doubling of Laroque, the merchant, and Luversan, the spy, affords one of the most effective bits of work in his varied repertoire. To portray two men with a startling resemblance to each other demands more histrionic skill than is required for playing two totally different characters.

Mr. James Fernandez takes up, after sixteen years, the rôle of Raymond, the merchant's friend and defending counsel—a rôle which is full of "fat" (the play is so much of the theatre, that this inelegant colloquialism may be forgiven). A treasure among dramatic memories is the scene when he reads the letter which enables him to prove the innocence of his friend at the cost of establishing the guilt of his wife.

The child, round whom the most poignant situations in the drama group themselves, is played with a nice sense of responsibility by little Miss Geraldine Wilson. Here is an actress who never fails to rise to the possibilities of a strong scene.

At the Comedy Theatre

"LADY BEN"

Mr. George P. Bancroft has, apparently, tried to atone for the sins of his brother playwrights. So often have the laws of the land—especially those relating to deeds of separation and divorce — been travestied upon the stage, that Mr. Bancroft has given us real divorce law with a painstaking and accurate pen. Accuracy is the keynote of the play. So conformable are the characters to the moods, actions, and prejudices of

Mr. Tree's Double Rôle in "A Man's Shadow"

commonplace people, that it is difficult to find fault with them, except for being commonplace.

The Laws of Divorce

So entirely taken from life are the relations between Sir Benjamin Allix and his wife, that the circumstances which affect their approaching divorce might be taken from a law report. Other parties in the suit bear upon the case in a manner to which no exception can be taken by legal luminaries. First, there is the lady's boy admirer. There is a packet of correspondence between them which may prevent the petitioner from achieving her ends, for it is pointed out with great clearness that if respondent proves his counter-charge, the couple are irrevocably tied to each other. With no little ingenuity, Lady Allix is, in the legal sense, entirely compromised. Sir Benjamin surprises his wife, at 11 p.m., with old Henry Ballantyne, and an incriminating packet of letters (O those packets of letters!) tied up with a blue ribbon. Henry, with the fatuousness of a doting father, is merely trying to get his son's letters back. His lips, of course, are sealed. Sir Benjamin wrests the letter from him, and glancing at them, accuses him of being the writer (the resemblance between Henry's handwriting and that of his son has been referred to earlier in the play). Henry admits the impeachment.

Mr. Tree as "Luversan," the spy

Petitioner and Respondent

Thus, at the end of Act III., Sir Benjamin has improved his position, being able to figure as petitioner in the coming action. Law, which is sprinkled over the first three acts, is laid on very thick during the fourth act. There is a little debate between the parties which might have occurred in chambers. Lady Allix *(Lady Ben)* cannot defend, but chance gives her the upper hand. She discovers that her disreputable husband is bent upon marrying a lady of wealth in order to bolster up his finances. "If you bring an action against me, I will establish a counter-charge, for what about that little trip to the Continent and the autumn spent in a Cornish bungalow?"

Sir Benjamin is nonplussed, and has to crawl back to the position of respondent with no defence. All this is very good law, but we could have forgiven a little license if the play had thereby been rendered more interesting. One or two curtains were effective, and stage tricks, though not new, had their wonted effect. "Lady Ben" keeps her receipts, as well as her love-letters tied up with blue ribbon, and when her husband's back is turned she exchanges the two packets.

Mr. Tree as "Lucien Laroque," the merchant

Concerning the Players

Mr. J. D. Beveridge, as the doting father, called everyone "my friend," and was compelled by the playwright to be rather tiresome at times, especially when he extracted comedy from an economical habit of turning off the electric light switches, and taking off the coals from the fire.

Miss Darragh acted the unhappy woman, distracted by a boy's love, in the approved fashion. Skilfully she suggested a burden of care under an affectation of lightheartedness, but the performance was discounted by the uninspiring level on which the play proceeded.

Mr. Charles Maude, as the boy, started rather awkwardly, but warmed to his rôle in most commendable fashion. The improvement, as he progressed, was most marked, and, after a few more performances, at this rate of improvement, he should do wonders with the character. The hit of the piece was made by Miss Betty Callish, a newcomer, in the part of a French maid. She has a delightful French accent, a crisp, incisive manner, and a distinct sense of comedy. She "arrived" very quickly, and, given more chances, should stay there.

E. C. S.

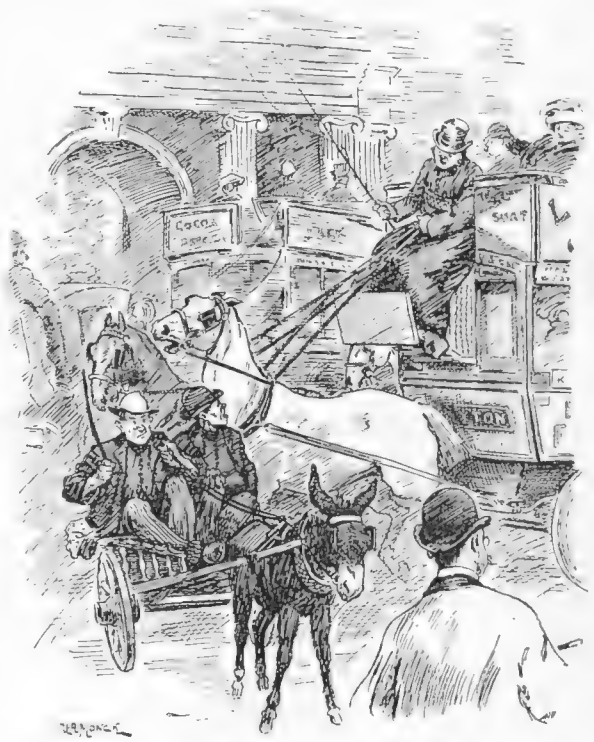
Random Jottings

The Last Ride

This month, begins the annual American invasion. Already it is reported that tickets beating all previous records have been booked, and we can well believe that last year's figures will be reduced to insignificance. Last year, the St. Louis Exposition kept many Americans away, but this year, nothing will stop them. They have heard that the London omnibus is shortly to be abolished, and they do not wish to miss their last chance of having a ride in the lovely queer old things.

The Real Magnet

Some people say it is a yearning for the Mother Country that brings Americans here. This may be so to some extent, but a far more potent fascination lies in our antiquities. The City, the Houses of Parliament (sitting, for choice), Shakespeare's relics, and our railway luggage system — these are the things that draw them to our shores. Together they form a rest-cure that is irresistible, after the strenuous life imposed upon his fellow-citizens by President Roosevelt.



Scintillae J(eh)e-ris
"Now then, triplets, out o' the way!"

Not Sufficient

It was not without pathos that the Editor of the *Times* observed the other day that counting the gold in a foreign bank hardly came within the scope of an editor's duty. For editors—we may be allowed to remark—are hard-worked men. They have to know from day to day such different things, as, for example, the course of Rozhdestvensky's fleet across the Indian Ocean, and the best way to make a thin reader's neck, plump. Counting the money in the Russian bank would be child's play to this, but of very little use. Such journalists as did accept the Russian Finance Minister's offer to come and view the treasure, seem to have come to the conclusion that, while the gold is genuine enough, there is hardly sufficient of it to cover the indemnity which the Japanese will demand.

Peace-Making Difficulties

Meanwhile, everyone not immediately concerned is hot for peace. The only difficulty about securing peace is (apart from the wishes of the two combatant nations), that everyone is anxious to have a different kind of peace, and be the prime mover in it. There is such a rivalry in peace-making nowadays, that nothing—one might almost say—is more calculated to lead to war.

The German View

This is not so unintelligible when one looks at the facts. Peace does concern civilised nations nowadays very selfishly. Take the question of a Russian indemnity. If it is a large one, Japan will be able to build an extra fleet out of it—which concerns Germany. The Kaiser said the other day that a large German fleet made for peace, but that is not to say that a larger Japanese one does the same. Quite the contrary.

A Scandinavian Bug-bear

Then again, if Russia, as a result of peace, is to be cut off from her Far Eastern ports, Sweden and Norway will not like it. "For," they say, "Russia will insist on having some near Western ports at present belonging to us. Russia will, in fact, take us over. This we cannot tolerate. We should have nothing to quarrel about then." It would never do.

The New Imperial Bond

Perhaps it is hypercritical to find fault with the new penny postage rate to Australia. It forms, as all the papers have agreed, a new Imperial bond; and that is a thing we can always do with. Imperial bonds are not so easily made as some people think.

The Decline of Letter-Writing

At the same time, we cannot help thinking that the new rate strikes a blow at an art that is already far gone in decline. We refer to the art of letter-writing. When one has

THE BLUNDERFUL BABOO—OFF THE STAGE

LADY CHARLOTTE: "Then you'll come to our dinner, Mr. Chamboddy Ram?"

BABOO CHAMBODDY RAM: "Yes, with greatest jubilation. I will hie me hence instanter, and order the wedding garment, a superfine black night-dress"

to pay 2½*d.* for postage, one is apt to put something into a letter—some time and trouble—which make for art. The letter is not all about the weather of yesterday, or the difficulty of securing a good plain cook. It is concerned with higher things, and is written in a better hand than a penny letter. One sits down to it—with a blotting-pad and a contemplative mind. One is uplifted and inspired with the thought that when one has written this 2½*d.* letter, one will not have to write another for quite a long time. It must, therefore, be a nice, long letter which our Australian friend will be able to read over and over again as he sits by his camp-fire in the lonely Bush.

Too Cheap

What spoils the ordinary penny epistle is the consciousness that it is going cheap. One makes it curt and unimpressive, because one knows that it will be one of a dozen, probably, when it reaches its destination; that it will be regarded as a commonplace, no matter how nicely written it is; and that if it isn't regarded as merely dull, it will result in a speedy reply, which again will demand a speedy answer, until letter-writing becomes an oppression. There is no doubt at all that too many letters are written nowadays. The penny post has led us into a temptation which we have been unable to resist—the temptation, namely, of writing when there is nothing to write about just in order to get an answer that we don't really want. Women are the particular victims—so far as writing penny letters go. But men also suffer, for they have to read them, if not to answer them. It requires a philosopher to put the whole of his daily correspondence into the fire unopened, especially as there may be cheques inside.

In Self-Defence

Why do not Referees, who seem to have been suffering a good deal lately, take a lesson from Paderewski? After playing in Carnegie Hall the other night, the great musician, who has been mobbed more than any man living, was again gone for by a crowd of fair admirers. "He kept them off, however"—says a contemporary—"by means of a strong railing." A sword-stick would probably do equally well.

The Repertory Theatre

Are most theatre-goers so spasmodic as Mr. Philip Carr suggested, when he was announcing the new Repertory Theatre the other day? We doubt it. The people who go to the theatre, go pretty often, but they like to take the theatres in turn. Our private belief is that they are always expecting more comfortable seats by this method. It is not really the play that matters so much as the seats. No doubt Shakespeare is higher class fare than musical comedy, but that is nothing if one gets cramp in both legs during *Hamlet*. No, if the Repertory Theatre will only make us comfortable, we will go there, whatever is played. If a cycle of Shakespeare, so much the better for our minds. But we have to consider our limbs as well.

THE OPENING OF THE FLAT RACING SEASON

Photo by *Muggeridge*

Tic-Tac Operators at work at Lincoln

By a code of signals these men inform their companions in other rings of the various changes in the market prior to a race, and this information is used to obtain longer prices

THE TURBINE STEAMER, "QUEEN," AS A ROYAL YACHT

Photo by] **The turbine steamer, "Queen," in which King Edward will cross to Calais for a Continental visit** [*Topical Agency*

Since his accession, the King has generally crossed to France on the Royal yacht. Queen Alexandra, however, was so pleased with the *Queen*, when she crossed in it from Calais to Dover, that the Admiralty requisitioned the vessel for His Majesty's use, and it has been luxuriously fitted out

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" AT THE COLISEUM

Photo by] **Mme. Alice Esty, the famous prima donna, in the Church scene from "Cavalleria Rusticana"** [*Campbell-Gray*

From Abroad

Spring in Naples

After a winter of almost northern severity, the Mediterranean resorts are once more putting on their gay colours, and with the bursting of the first spring buds comes the inevitable and, by all account, welcome tourist. And for the spring visitant no place could be more charming than Naples, for its climate is the most clement of all the Italian resorts, and its inhabitants possess that sunny sparkle and insouciance which is so restful to the inhabitants of more strenuous countries. The hotels, too, are in every respect up to date, comfort and elegance on the latest American models being the keynote everywhere.

Spring in Naples: Listening to a concert in the Villa Nazionale

The statue seen is that of Vico, the famous Italian philosopher and historian

The Coolie in South Africa

The coolie question, although smoothed over from time to time, is still with us, and ugly rumours creep into the papers about riotous outbreaks which menace the security of the white population in the vicinity of the mines. Yet it seems as though the coolie must be fairly satisfied with his lot, for up to now there have only been five repatriations, while the men employed number nearly 35,000. According to the *Transvaal Leader*, the Rand coolies, when they come to the country, do not forget to bring with them that knowledge of slippery ways which is a characteristic of Orientals. At the Princess Estate mine recently, the employées, measuring the holes drilled by Chinese coolies, thought that far too rapid progress was being shown, and on an examination of the wooden rods used for measuring, it was found that every one was four inches shorter than the standard length of thirty-six inches. From this it is evident that the Heathen Chinee has still the same capacity for "ways that are dark" as he had when Bret Harte penned his famous poem.

The "Yellow Peril" in South Africa: Arrival of a new batch of Chinese coolies

According to statistics issued on March 20 last, the total number of coolies working in South Africa was 34,315

MOROCCO:

FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND OTHER TOURISTS

BY AN OLD RESIDENT

Caravans halting outside Mogador

Mogador, which is situated on the coast, 130 miles from the city of Morocco, is the best-built town in the Sultan's dominions, having been laid out in 1760 by a French engineer. It has a population of about twenty thousand

His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor is so commanding a personality as to invest all his actions with a great amount of public interest. At the present moment, the Kaiser is "Morocco Bound," and the attention of the world is at once directed to the land of the Moors. Without attempting to dilate upon international complications, it may be stated that this little pleasure trip may have its business side, and that the reception of the Kaiser by Abd-el-Malek, uncle of the Sultan, is being watched with no little anxiety by France, who are credited with desiring to turn Morocco into a second Tunis, an ambition which does not commend itself to Germany. Meanwhile, we may be permitted a slight sketch of the advantages of Morocco to non-Imperial tourists, increasing numbers of whom succumb each year to the fascinations of a week in Tangier, or to the ruder joys of pig-shooting near the Sultan's picture city, Mogador.

First, it would be as well to lay the bogey of the imaginary "dangers" with which the Press has invested the country. Much as one is tempted to invest one's wanderings with the romantic element of peril, I must reluctantly confess that the English traveller's most

A native water carrier

serious cause of grumble against the Moorish Government, is its invariable refusal to allow him to incur any danger at all, even before Raisuli reformed, and was a terror to the world. In spite of all limitations, however, the provinces open to Europeans are extensive enough, and sufficiently interesting, to occupy several weeks very delightful journeying.

And, truly, one may go further and fare worse, if one's main object is to exchange the conventionalities of civilisation for the simpler luxuries attending a ramble in a country more than half Oriental; quick-pacing mules for a train, a tent or a Berber farmhouse for a hotel, a smooth-bore in lieu of walking stick or alpenstock, and a gossipy interpreter for Baedeker. With a letter of introduction to some commercial resident, there should be no difficulty in hiring good animals and servants.

The best season to visit Southern Morocco is between November and May, March being the ideal month for large game, April for ordinary travelling, May for the mountains. By mountains, I mean, of course, the spurs of the Great Atlas range, the higher altitudes being at present inaccessible, except by special arrangement with the

Morocco as a Happy Hunting Ground

Starting for a day's sight-seeing in Morocco

Travelling in Morocco, outside of the usually recognised routes, is not nearly so hazardous a business as the newspapers would have us believe. In fact, many American ladies now include a trip to the interior in their tour, and seem to relish the extra spice of adventure it provides

Moorish authorities. From Christmas to early summer, the climate—on the testimony of Dr. Sir Joseph Hooker, in "Morocco and the Great Atlas"—is the finest in the world.

Speaking from some years' experience of travel in this pleasant land, perhaps the most practical method of seeing its best is to make arrangements for a three weeks' shooting ramble over what are locally called the Hoz provinces; roughly a stretch of 150 miles from Mogador, eastward, including the city of Marrakesh and no small portion of the Atlas spurs. The principal varieties of game which can be found are: hare, blue rock, wood pigeon, porcupine, boar, jackal, otter, wild cat, and gazelle.

Bargaining at an outdoor curiosity shop

Curio buying in the East is an expensive business unless the purchaser is fully aware of the laws of barter which obtain in the shops and bazaars. The owner having quoted a long price for a curio, and the intending purchaser a short one, conversation proceeds in quite other channels until one or the other gives way and returns to the attack. The average value is not struck until a wide range of subjects have been exhausted, and sometimes not until the visits have been repeated

Children of the "Little Father"

SOME REPRESENTATIVE TYPES OF THE RUSSIAN "MUJIK"

A typical Russian mujik

The derivation of "Mujik" is as follows: When the peasants' condition was one of freedom, the male population was divided into *muji*, "complete men," and *mujiki*, a diminutive, expressing lowliness and contempt

Types of agricultural peasants in Little Russia

The Russian peasant, or "mujik," has (says a writer in the current *Quiver*) remained unchanged for countless generations, and is, indeed, little different from what he was before the Tartar invasion

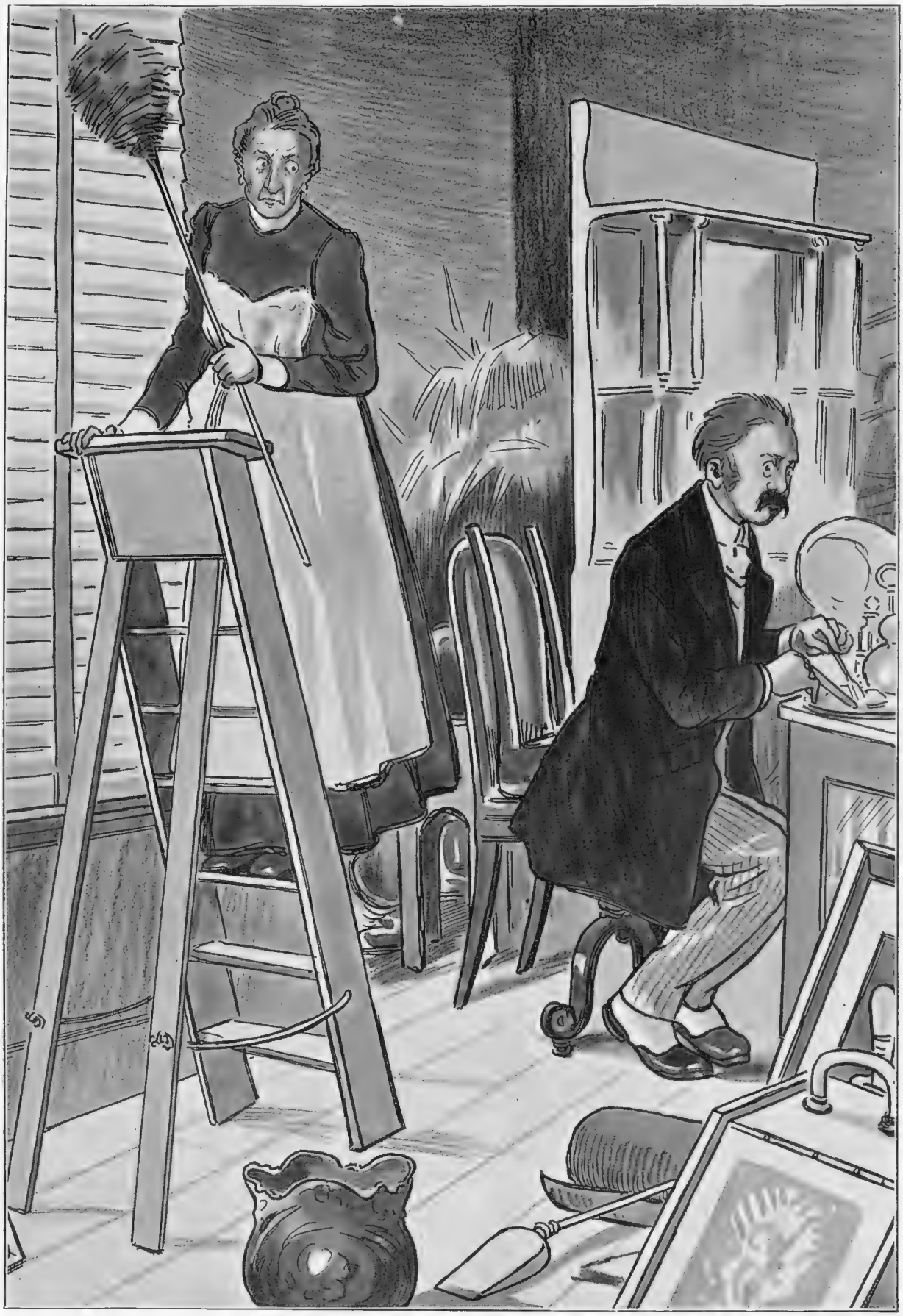
Russian labourers landing timber

The Russian labourer is nomadic in his instincts. He likes frequently to change his residence and occupation. He is content to work long hours for small wages

Peasant women of Little Russia

In Little Russia, the costumes of the women are picturesque, and to the foreign observer seem to possess a touch of Orientalism

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES—INDOORS



LADY OF HOUSE *(in continuation)*—"And, instead of sitting there, grumbling, you ought to be only too thankful that you've got some one at home to KEEP the place tidy"

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES—OUTDOORS

INQUISITIVE LITTLE BOY *(to lady who has just put finishing touches to her canvas)*: "How long will it take yer, mum, to make that look like anything?"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

CONCERNING MR. BERNARD SHAW

(NO. 70 OF THE SERIES)

Let it be understood at the beginning that we have not only just discovered Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The recent awakening of the class that leads English opinion (described by Mr. Shaw, as the Idle Rich) to the fact of his existence is one of the most amusing things that have happened in our time. It is not the least of the many signs of a new and active ferment in the English mind, that people will even look at the work of this wholesale revolutionary, instead of crying out with one voice, as Mr. Shaw bitterly complains that they ought to cry out, "Send this inconceivable Satanist to the stake."

We remember a time when those few, outside the company of the intellectuals, who had heard of him regarded him with alarm and hatred. But now his name, coupled with some comment in recognition of his powers, darts at one from every sort of journal, from *Nature* to the *Sporting Times*, from the *Gentlewoman* to *The Tablet*. As good clothes may now be seen in the audience attending one of his plays, as at any theatre in London. His books, as they appear, are reviewed in haste and perused at leisure. Cheap and simple journalists make their way to his presence, and pen puzzle-headed "interviews" afterwards. The King has just been to see his *John Bull's Other Island*—a thing that would have seemed, ten years ago, as starkly incredible and inconceivable as the King's going on strike for a larger civil list, or raising Mr. O'Donovan Rossa to the peerage.

There are many explanations of this sudden bound into popularity and fame of a man who has a meaner opinion of his fellow-creatures, perhaps, than anyone who ever lived. There is the flattering one, that he writes such an admirable play that people do not mind what is in it. There is the cynical one, that people go to be amused by his irresistible farce, and simply gape at the rest of the play. Both these are quite true. It is also true that a number of people who like his brilliancy, and detest his views, encourage him under the mistaken impression that he is not a dangerous man, because he has the courage to be funny. It is also true, that a number of people who sympathise with him in his merciless attacks on property, liberty, nationality, morality, with other things which we believe ourselves to possess, and who support him on that account, do so while deploring the existence of that talent for tomfoolery which is the only thing that could ever have won some sort of public recognition of the existence of his views and theirs.

These are a few of the elements of which Mr. Shaw's public is composed. For it is his public; not the usual playgoing public, to whom he issued, seven years or so ago, the invitation to "keep away from my plays." But his public, when one counts its large American and German wings, is enough to keep him very decently.

Keeping Mr. Shaw is, physically, not an expensive business. He eats nothing but vegetables, drinks nothing but water, and smokes nothing at all. He blacks nothing and starches nothing. He is probably the cleanest man on earth.

He has invented for himself the character of the New Revolutionary, who is a trifle more sober and restrained than anybody else, and despises all other revolutionaries so deeply that he produces an illusion of not sharing in the force that drives them. His achievement consists of four volumes of plays, four novels, a mass of criticism of music, and of the theatre, with much other irrecoverable journalistic work, some essays, no poetry, and the Fabian Society. Also he has been a Vestryman.

Mr. Shaw is not yet forty-nine. Being both Irish and abstemious, there appears to be no reason whatever why he should not live and work for another fifty years at least. At present he has only one conviction: that something higher than Man is within the resources of the Universe; and one purpose: to further the evolution of it. That is, if we understand him: to which we would not swear.

THE "SIGHTS" OF LONDON

[*The Leeds Art Club is taking an expression of opinion on the question, "What are the ugliest things in Leeds?"*—DAILY EXPRESS.]

Following the example of the Leeds Club, we have requested opinions as to what constitutes the ugliest thing in London.

Some Possible Replies

Lord STALBRIDGE writes: "Surely, you mean what is the *second* ugliest thing in London. Or is it possible that you have never seen our Stevenson statue?"

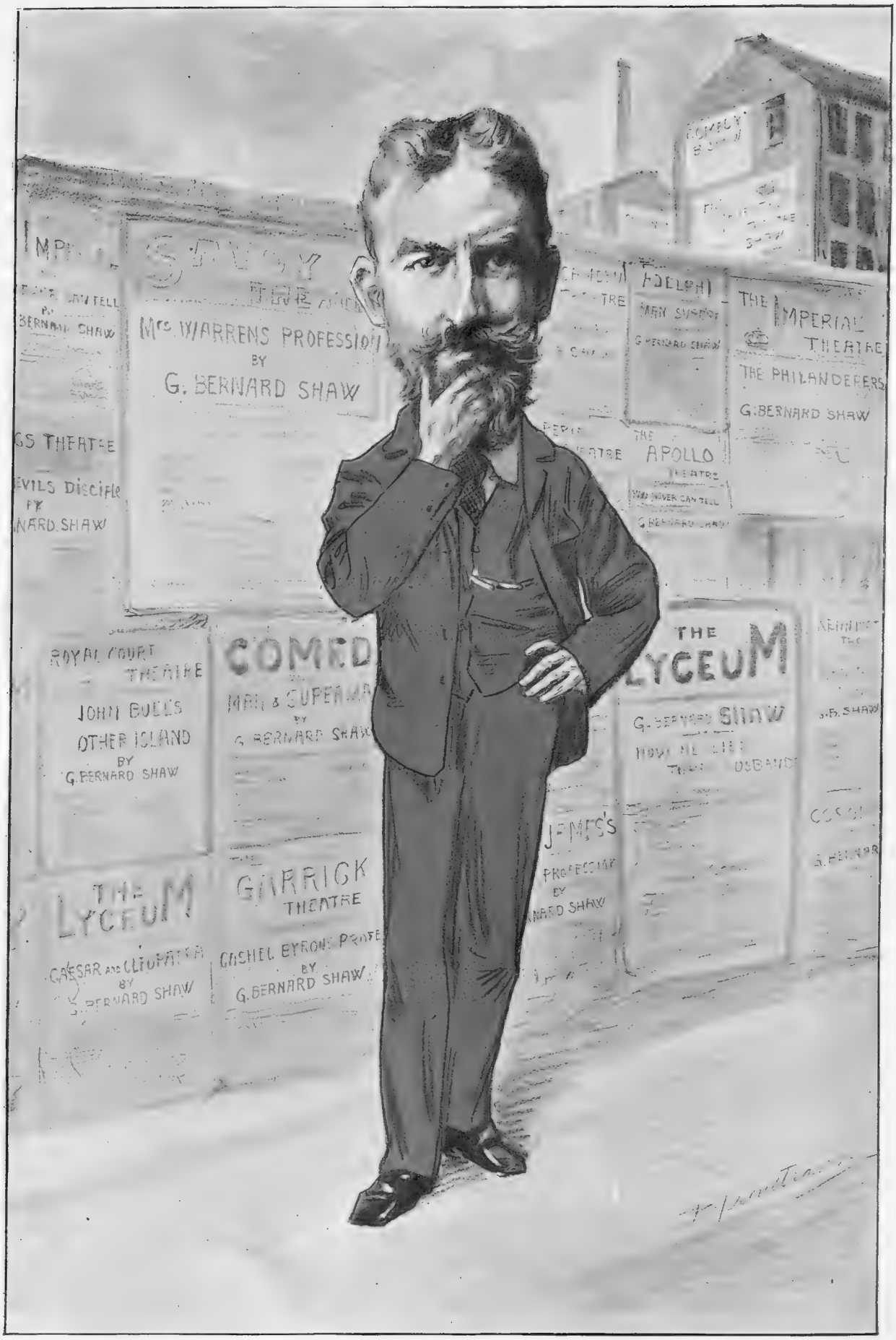
Mr. BALFOUR: "In my opinion, the ugliest thing in London is the expression of Sir H C-B. when I apply the closure."

Mr. HARRY QUILTER: "Ugliest thing in London? I can't say yet: Burlington House hasn't been opened."

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON: "The ugliest thing in London must really be the most beautiful. It is only pure beauty which is absolutely hideous. Why, then, appeal to me? I could not give an answer until I had first made good my paradoxes as above, and that would occupy at least a column of a daily newspaper."

Mr. ZANGWILL: "The ugliest thing, in my view, is a long queue of people waiting outside a theatre in which a Shakespearean production is to be presented."

Miss MARIE CORELLI: "To my mind, the ugliest thing in London is the nauseating spectacle of a person reading a novel by Mr. Caine, which has been praised by a critic—I care not who he is—and which the reader has obtained from a Carnegie Free Library."


Mrs. WARRENS PROFESSION
BY
G. BERNARD SHAW
THE IMPERIAL THEATRE
THE PHILANDERERS
G. BERNARD SHAW
THE APOLLO THEATRE
ROYAL COURT THEATRE
JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND
BY
G. BERNARD SHAW
THE LYCEUM
G. BERNARD SHAW
THE GARRICK THEATRE
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA
BY
G. BERNARD SHAW

"G. B. S."

A SPANISH BEAUTY—AND

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Senorita Carmen de Faya

The beautiful young Spanish dancer, who, supported by Senor Aragon, is rendering the characteristic dances of her country at the Alhambra

—AN ENGLISH BEAUTY

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

The latest portrait of Miss Marie Studholme

Miss Studholme, who, as everyone knows, is one of the bright particular stars of the Gaiety Theatre, owes her constant attendance at the photographer's to the fact of her being one of the most representative types of English charm

Where the New Marquis of Anglesey will Reside

Anglesey Castle, which overlooks Menai Strait

The name Anglesey is derived from *A. S. Angles Ey*, which means "the Englishman's island." It was known to the Romans as *Mona*, and the inhabitants offered a stout resistance to the Roman legions sent to subdue them

Photos by *Wickins*

The dining room, Anglesey Castle

A portrait of the new Marquis will be found in our pages devoted to "People of the Hour"

OUR SHORT STORY

THREE PEOPLE AND A SCARFPIN

By WARD MUIR

Vera O'Brien resembled most pretty girls in that she was a decided flirt. Country house-parties were her favourite happy hunting-grounds. Obviously they offered the finest field for the exercise of her art. The house-party at Cragswell Manor would be no exception to the rule; at least, so thought the charming Vera when she joined it. But she was wrong. This house-party differed from all others in that it numbered Guy Ribblethwaite among its guests.

Guy Ribblethwaite was one of those placid and rather corpulent young men, with a comfortable private income, who doze through life in lounge chairs. To look at him you would have said he was a confirmed bachelor. Nothing, as events proved, was further from the truth. Guy, once roused, played the lover remarkably well. The lady whose attractions weaved the spell was no less a personage than Vera O'Brien.

Why Vera should have fallen in love with Guy, no one can explain. But she did. And (though for private reasons of their own they kept the event temporarily secret) the pair became engaged a week after they met at Cragswell Manor.

Ribblethwaite, as has been stated, was of an intensely calm disposition.

"Flirt to your heart's content, if it amuses you," he remarked, soon after his proposal and acceptance. "All I ask, is that you don't get engaged to anybody else."

"You dear fat old thing," said Vera, kissing him on the top of his head, "as if I could ever marry anybody but you! What nonsense you do talk! I'll have to punish you by being nice to that ridiculous Algie Grant, who arrived yesterday. He is head over ears in love with me already."

"It strikes me that he's more likely to be punished than I am," grinned Guy, as he lit a cigar.

"Lazy thing! You're incorrigible. I'll begin on the Grant boy at once. My first move will be to allow him to take one of my pearl-headed pins as a keepsake."

"Let me see: those pins were five a penny at Peter Robinson's sale, weren't they?"

"Don't be horrid. I admit the heads aren't real pearls, but they cost more than five a penny. I bought them in Paris at half a dozen for a franc," and the girl drew one of the pins from her smartly-knotted scarf.

Guy inspected it. "A very neat imitation," he said, "and certainly useful to palm off on admirers like Algie."

"Yes, they're splendid to give as—er—presents, aren't they? I bought a couple of dozen, and that wasn't a bit too many."

"Naughty girl! Think of the number of broken-hear ed swains who are now treasuring pearl-headed pins as mementoes of dead and buried, but none the less tragic, love affairs."

"How nasty you are; I've given very, *very* few of those pins away, so *there!* You're really so rude I don't think I can stand it any longer. I'll run away before I quarrel with you. I think I'll go and get Algie Grant to come and practice putting with me."

"Poor Algie!" thought Ribblethwaite, as he strolled off to the billiard-room; "he's in for a bad time, I'm afraid. It serves him right, though. He's an insufferable little ass, and the way he boasts of his conquests is disgusting."

Sure enough, Algie Grant was surprised and delighted with the graciousness of the fascinating Vera. That very day they exchanged keepsakes. He gave Miss O'Brien a trinket from his watch-chain, and she diffidently presented him with a pearl-headed pin out of her scarf.

"I'm only lending it, you know," she said, "and if I ever ask for it back again, you must let me have it at once."

And he, poor infatuated youth, promised that it should never leave his person. He fixed it in his tie at once, to show that he meant what he said.

This was ill-advised. The pin—being made for feminine use in feminine furbelows—was not encircled by those small but useful ridges to prevent it from "climbing" out of any stiff fabric in which it might be fixed. The consequence was that it gradually worked its way out of Algie Grant's tie, and in the afternoon fell from it as he was descending the Cragswell Manor staircase.

Half an hour later, Algie discovered his loss as he was strolling through the fields, gun in hand, in search of rabbits. He concluded that the pin was irrevocably lost somewhere in the grass.

"It's no good trying to find it," he thought; "but Vera must never know I've lost it. There's nothing for it but to buy a new one at once, and pretend its the same. These pearl pins are so much alike that she'll not know the difference."

Algie Grant flattered himself that he was, in *affaires de cœur*, a man of action. He forthwith strode off to the station (leaving his gun at the Cragswell lodge gates), and caught the first train up to town. He returned just in time for dinner, explaining his prolonged absence by saying that he had walked further than he intended: which was strictly true. But carefully wrapped up in tissue paper in his pocket was a pearl-headed pin. It was so like Vera's keepsake that none but an expert could have detected the difference. There was a difference, however. The head of Vera's pin had been made of

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glass, whereas this one was a real pearl. But then the deluded Algie couldn't be expected to guess that the first pin hadn't been a real pearl too. He was entirely satisfied with himself and his own smartness.

He would have been less so had he witnessed a small scene which occurred on the stairs immediately after he had passed down them on that fateful afternoon.

Vera O'Brien and Guy Ribblethwaite issued from the Cragswell Manor drawing-room (which was on the first floor), and began to descend to the hall. They proceeded rather slowly—as is the fashion of lovers, on staircases. When they were halfway down, Guy noticed something bright lying on the carpet. He picked it up.

"By Jove!" he said; "here's one of your scarf-pins!"

Vera looked at it. "Why, it must be the one I gave to Mr. Grant this morning," she said.

"He doesn't seem to have been very greatly impressed with the gift, if he's lost it already," chuckled Guy, and forthwith chaffed his lady-love on the failure of her latest flirtation.

Vera, needless to remark, vowed vengeance on the head of the sublimely unconscious Algie. "If he treats my gifts so carelessly as that, he must suffer for it," she reflected. "I'll ask him to-night to return the pin, and won't I scold him when he has to confess he's unable to do so!"

In pursuance of this plan, Vera lured the altogether willing Algie into the conservatory after dinner, and made herself especially agreeable. The youth was in the seventh heaven of bliss, and reflected, with the joy of the professed lady-killer, what a good story this affair would make. Suddenly, however, his pleasure received a shock.

"Do you know," Vera remarked, "I think I oughtn't to have given you that pin this morning?"

"Why not?"

"I can't explain; but all the same, I'm sure I oughtn't. Do you mind if I ask you to give it me back?"

"Not at all. Or rather, I do mind very much."

"Oh please don't say that, because I feel I must insist on having it back."

"Oh, well—if you put it in that way, I suppose I shall have to give it you."

"Yes, if you *please*," and Vera smiled sweetly.

Algie Grant turned over the lapel of his dinner-jacket, and extracted from the under side his pearl pin.

"I put it here for safety, as of course I couldn't wear it with an evening tie," he explained, and handed it to his companion.

The girl started. Here was the pin, after all! Where on earth had it come from? She took it mechanically, and fixed it in the lace of her blouse.

"Thank you," she said. "It was so school-girlish of me to give it you, and I knew you'd think it silly, so I decided to have it back at once. I'm ever so much more at ease now."

Which latter statement was a fib. Her mind, in fact, was in a whirl of indecision and curiosity. She felt that she must probe the depths of the mystery, and she could only do so by consulting Guy.

She dragged the protesting Algie from the conservatory, and — to his surprise — dismissed him politely but unmistakably. Then she sought out Ribblethwaite (who was pretending to listen to music in the drawing-room), and under cover of the said music told him the whole story.

"Are you quite sure you haven't been giving pins to other men in the house?"

"Certainly not," Vera protested. "At least—that is to say—I haven't given any for a very long time."

"Still, you have given some. The explanation of the mystery is that the one we found on the stairs had belonged, not to Algie, but to a previous admirer."

"Ridiculous! I don't believe anything of the kind. He's the only one who'd be idiotic enough to lose a present from *me*."

"But he didn't lose it."

"No—I suppose not. Yet . . . ."

"Oh never mind about it now. Let's go out for a stroll on the terrace. That would be much jollier than puzzling our heads over a silly riddle like this."

Vera agreed, and the two spent the remainder of the evening, in what lovers would consider a highly profitable fashion. When the ladies had finally departed, Guy Ribblethwaite went to the smoke-room to have a last cigar before turning in. He found Algie Grant holding forth in loud tones to the other men of the party.

"Yes," he was saying, "it was at three o'clock that I found I'd lost the pin, and by half-past seven I had travelled up to town, been to my favourite jeweller in Bond Street, bought a pin exactly similar to the old one, and come down again to Cragswell. It was quick work, but I don't mind putting myself out a bit when a pretty girl's in the case. I wouldn't for worlds have Vera O'Brien know I'd lost her present."

Ribblethwaite moved to a table and mixed himself a whisky and soda. Grant's narrative edified him greatly, and he had difficulty in concealing his merriment. He reflected with some amusement what effect it would have on the bragging Algie were he to announce that Miss O'Brien was at that moment engaged to be married, and that he—Ribblethwaite—was the lucky suitor.

"Horrid little bounder, that Grant," whispered a man who was standing beside him. "I'm going to take his conceit out of him. I say, Grant"—raising his voice—"did you say that it was a pearl pin you bought in Bond Street?"

"Yes."

"You silly jackass! Everybody knows Miss O'Brien's pearl pins. They're not pearls at all. Why, nearly all of us have been smitten with her charms at one time or another, and we've all got pins from her. She's constantly giving them away. They're glass, every one, and not worth twopence-halfpenny. You've gone and presented her with a real pearl pin in exchange for a common imitation."

Grant's face fell. Everybody roared with laughter at his discomfiture, and it was long before he heard the last of the pearl pin at Cragswell Manor.

Next day, Guy Ribblethwaite told the whole story—in confidence—to Vera O'Brien. She was justly irate with Grant for having taken her name in vain in the smoke-room, but delighted that he had had to go to the expense of buying her a real pearl pin. She marked the occasion by presenting the pin to Guy, and being excessively frigid in manner towards Algie.

He fixed the scarfpin in his tie. "I'm only lending it, you know," she said, "and, if I ever ask for it back again, you must let me have it at once"

DRAWN BY CLEMENT FLOWER

Oddly enough, the incident did not close at this point. Algie's final punishment came a couple of months later, when he happened by an evil chance to stroll into his club in Piccadilly. On the largest and most comfortable of the couches he descried the portly form of Guy Ribblethwaite.

"Hullo, Ribblethwaite, old man!" cried Grant; "how are you? I don't think I've seen you since we were at Cragswell together."

"I daresay not," said Ribblethwaite, wondering how he could escape.

"That's a neat tie-pin you've got on," remarked the other. "May I ask where you bought it?"

Guy suppressed a laugh. He was wearing Vera's —or rather, Grant's—pearl. "Miss O'Brien gave it me," he said carelessly.

"Vera O'Brien?"

"Yes. Pretty thing, isn't it?"

"It is; but you know that Miss O'Brien's famous for her pearls They're notoriously shams."

"I'm sure she wouldn't give *me* a sham," Ribblethwaite said, with cunningly feigned *hauteur*.

"Wouldn't she, though? Conceited man, to think that you are treated differently from everybody else! I shouldn't mind betting you a fiver that pearl is made of glass."

"Don't be a fool. I'm sure it's real."

"Well, I'm sure it's not. I don't believe the fair and fickle Vera served you better than the dozen or so other men to whom she gave those pins. I tell you, it's a wrong 'un, and I'll back my opinion to the extent of an even five-pound note."

"Done!" exclaimed Ribblethwaite.

"We'll go to the jeweller I deal with in Bond Street," suggested Grant; "and he'll settle the question for us at a glance."

Ribblethwaite agreed, and forthwith they set off in a hansom.

The sequel needs little telling. The jeweller pronounced the pearl genuine, and even ventured the opinion that it had originally been purchased from his own stock. In silence, the couple drove back to the club.

Ribblethwaite sank into a chair, and prepared for slumber once more. Grant nervously fumbled with his pocket case. At last he drew out a bank-note.

"Here's your money," he said, handing it to Ribblethwaite. "I strongly suspect that's the pin I myself gave to Miss O'Brien."

"So do I," Ribblethwaite murmured, pocketing the fiver.

"Eh, what's that?" cried Grant.

"I was merely saying that it might interest you to know that Miss O'Brien and I are engaged to be married. In fact, the wedding comes off to-day week." Ribblethwaite smiled his usual self-satisfied smile and closed his eyes.

"The wedding—to-day week—then no wonder. . ."

Algie Grant's feelings were too complicated for speech. For some minutes he stood gazing on the calm face of Vera's future husband. Then suddenly his wrath found words.

"I'm———!" he muttered, and fled.

A faint snore from the couch was the sole response. Guy Ribblethwaite was dreaming of what he would buy for Vera with Algie's five-pound note. WARD MUIR.

With Baden-Powell in Italy: A specimen of Italian horsemanship

Major-General R. S. Baden-Powell, C.B., Inspector-General of Cavalry, is visiting Italy with the view of studying the organisation and system of the training gone through by the Italian cavalry, and (says the *Army and Navy Gazette*) every facility is to be afforded him of acquiring a full knowledge of all details which will facilitate his investigations

Mr. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter VII.—TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA

"If I had my Guide-Book with me now, I might know my next move"

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

A LITERARY CAUSERIE BY "J. A. H."

We have arranged that once every month our literary gossip will be increased in quantity, and devoted chiefly to the more noteworthy books of the preceding four weeks. According to custom, the personal side of contemporary literature will be treated in the manner that has proved so popular; but our readers will doubtless approve this plan of keeping them in touch with books as well as with personalities.— ED. BYSTANDER.

Novels of Note

The past month has been quite remarkable for the number of important works in fiction which have appeared. Of course, Mrs. Humphry Ward has pride of place with "The Marriage of William Ashe" (Smith, Elder), which is in every sense a worthy addition to the writings of our foremost living woman-novelist Lady Kitty appeals to me as one of Mrs. Ward's most admirable studies of feminine character. In quite another vein, but evidently enjoying much success, is Mrs. Elinor Glyn's "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline" (Duckworth), after the manner of that lady's other popular, and equally clever stories which have earned for her, in the estimation of at least one literary critic, the distinction of being "our leading novelist of modern manners," or something of that sort. Mr. Norris is always to be relied upon for a good story, and his "Barham of Beltana" (Methuen) is just the quiet, pleasure-giving romance which he has taught us to expect from him. That, and no more; yet it is enough, for since it pleases by legitimate means it is not unworthy as art. "Mrs. Galer's Business" (Methuen) immediately attracted me, as its author is one of my unfailing favourites. Mr. Pett Ridge has written better books than this, but it is full of genuine entertainment and the sympathetic presentment of common life, which only the true humorist can provide. "Shining Ferry," by "Q," which I have read with pleasure, will be the subject of some remarks next week; and I must mention "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" (Newnes), several chapters of which I have read with interest, though the obvious mechanism of these imitations of Poe makes one wish that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would give us something more on the lines of "Micah Clarke" or "The White Company." But the mob wants detective yarns, and "they who live to please," etc. Mr. Archibald Marshall's remarkably clever novel of mystery and character, "The House of Merrilees" (Alston Rivers), has had the success I anticipated, and the ingenious advertisements with which it has been kept in the public eye ought to waken up the older-fashioned publishers who cling to obsolete methods of announcement. I reproduce one of the comically amateurish sketches which have served to familiarise newspaper readers with the name of the book. You must have a good article to advertise, no matter how ingenious the *réclame*; and that is the case with "The House of Merrilees."

Up-to-date book advertising

One of the comical drawings advertising Mr. Archibald Marshall's "House of Merrilees"

Photo by Reed

Mr. W. H. Helm

Who has just published a critical study of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine"

Mr. Symons and Mr. Street

Among the books about books which have recently appeared—into all of which I have contrived to peep, and in two cases to read through—is Mr. Arthur Symons's "Studies in Prose and Verse" (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which has a very distinct value as the serious effort of a cultured critic to adjudge certain of his contemporaries, as well as others, of the mighty dead, without personal bias, almost without emotion; but is, by that token, so lacking in the warm glow of enthusiasm, that one might almost sigh for a little exuberance. Then there is Mr. George S. Street's "Books and Things" (Duckworth: 6*s.*), a collection of charming essays and sketches, in which the grace and humour of that most delightful volume, "Quales Ego," which appeared in 1896, and may be said to have confirmed his reputation as a critic of literature and life, are once more in welcome evidence. One need not repine if Mr. Street does just fall short of greatness in the novel, since he leaves us in no doubt as to his mastery of the essay, and in these days the good essayist is a man to be taken to our hearts.

Mr. Andrew Lang

Other volumes of critical papers remain to be mentioned: "Books and Personalities" (Lane: 5*s.* net), by Mr. H. W. Nevinson; "Aspects of Balzac" (Nash: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), by Mr. W. H. Helm; and "Adventures Among Books" (Longmans: 6*s.* 6*d.* net), by Mr. Andrew Lang, the last of which I have not had an opportunity of re-reading, that being a pleasure I am promising myself for early gratification, as I first made acquaintance, in the magazines, with most of the essays which compose the book, and Mr. Lang is certainly first among our writers on literature, whose work may be read a second time with increase of profit and entertainment. It seems but yesterday that I clipped from the first number of *The Idler* that peculiarly Langish trifle, "Enchanted Cigarettes," and I find that it is thirteen years ago! "To dream over literary projects, Balzac says," it begins, "is like 'smoking enchanted cigarettes,' but when we try to tackle our projects, to make them real, the enchantment disappears." There is some truth in this, yet I incline to think that I might quote Balzac, not inaptly, on behalf of my above-stated opinion in the matter of bookishness.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. H. W. Nevinson

The well-known war corresponden and critic, whose latest work, "Books and Personalities," has just been published

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne

Our greatest living poet, who is sixty-eight to-day (Wednesday)

About Balzac

Since Balzac is in point, let me say that I have read Mr. Helm's little book with considerable pleasure, and nearly always with approval of his views, though I regard as a defect, his proneness to stud his pages with the names of innumerable characters from the "Human Comedy," on the assumption that the reader, by the mere mention of the name, will instantly conjure up in his mind's eye all the attributes of the character—a most unlikely achievement, unless one has been recently doing "a course in Balzac"—in itself a literary education. On the o her hand, this feature of Mr. Helm's book, its minuteness of reference, enhances its value to the student. The mass of critical literature which has grown around the "Human Comedy" is enormous, but the well-sustained common-sense of this latest addition makes it by no means a superfluous one, even though it follows close on the heels of the best book about Balzac which has appeared for many years: Miss Mary Sandars's brilliant work, "Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings," published by Mr. John Murray last autumn. In one direction, I cannot follow Mr. Helm. He devotes a most ingenious chapter to the conventional comparison between Balzac and Dickens, and has no difficulty in piling up evidence to show that there is no family likeness between the fictional figures of the two great novelists. I agree with him that these quick classifications of authors as "The Belgian Shakespeare," "The French Byron," and so forth, do not stand close examination. But they are not meant to stand the scrutiny of the microscope, or the scalpel: they are roughly suggestive; that is all. It is true that Balzac's method of building up a character does resemble that of Dickens, though the characters resulting may bear no comparison. Mr. Helm, by the way, is well known in the book world as the literary editor of the *Morning Post*, and among his published works is a very clever little volume, "Studies in Styles," in which he "takes off" many famous writers, in the same manner as Mr. Owen Seaman in "Borrowed Plumes."

Mr. H. W. Nevinson

In common with all these books about books which I have been discussing, Mr. Nevinson's "Books and Personalities" consists of reprinted articles from the newspapers and reviews. Old-fashioned journalists used to sneer at reprints, though Heaven knows why, as a great mass of what is best in our literature was originally "written for the Press." Rather is it a tribute to our journalism that so much that is worthy of permanent form is appearing in its columns. At the same time, I venture the opinion that Mr. Nevinson might have improved his book by reducing its quantity, as several of its items are so slight and fragmentary, that, though admirable as daily-paper criticism, they emphasise too obviously their original purpose. Yet it would be churlish to grumble, when one has derived so much pleasure from a volume that deserves a place on every bookman's shelf. Can a man be equally a critic of art, of literature, of the drama, of man, and of war? It seems rather a large order; but Mr. Nevinson is at once a scholar and a man of action—he has won distinction as a war correspondent—and he does contrive to write with claim to respect on all these subjects, and always with grace. At times, Mr. Nevinson is apt to generalise too swiftly—"we generalise because we journalise," said some wise man—and, as an instance of this, I would point to his sweeping criticism of Mr. Smithers for having published several of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings which the artist himself had wished to suppress. The artist or the author is seldom, or never, the best judge of his own work. Does Mr. Nevinson consider that Condell and Heming were

"ghouls" for having published, after Shakespeare's death, plays which the dramatist himself had been careless of preserving? Was Newman's secretary, who rescued from a waste-paper basket the manuscript of "Lead Kindly Light," a "ghoul"? Every scrap from the pen of an author, from the pencil of an artist, is valuable.

A Poet's Birthday

This (Wednesday) is the sixty-eighth birthday of our greatest living poet: Algernon Charles Swinburne. His multitudinous admirers will unite in wishing him "many happy returns." One of the most important of recent publishing enterprises has been the issue, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of Mr. Swinburne's collected poems, for which I understand there has been a very gratifying demand, as evidence that the taste for what is best in contemporary literature is by no means at so low an ebb as many doleful critics would have us believe. Mr. Swinburne's present publishers came by that distinction as the successors of the late John Camden Hotten, who became the poet's publisher in a curious way, which reminds us that he was received with hostility by the critics of his early days. When his "Poems and Ballads" appeared in 1866, the book was attacked so venomously that Moxon, who had sent it out, withdrew it from circulation. At this crisis, Hotten offered to act as his medium in reaching the public, and that shrewd bookseller never did a better stroke of business. Swinburne had produced, with no great success, three books of poetry before this, and Mr. Tinsley, the old publisher, tells us, in his reminiscences, that he and his brother had purchased the copyright of "Chastleard" for one hundred pounds, but the poet, on the advice of Monckton Milnes, begged so hard to rescind the bargain, that the Tinsleys agreed, and Moxon, who was especially strong on poets, got the book, which came out in 1865. Mr. Tinsley has many reflections on the fact that such a poet as Mr. Alfred Austin could receive the laureate's bays while Swinburne lived; but can anyone conceive so fiery a spirit as Swinburne's wearing the insignia of office?

Mrs. R. L. Stevenson at the age of thirty

Mrs. Stevenson is editing a new edition of her husband's works, to be called the "Biographical Edition"

Photo by Russell

Mr. Arthur Spurgeon

Who has been appointed manager of the great firm of Cassell and Co., Ltd., in place of the late Sir Wemyss Reid

Coventry Patmore

There is no doubt that many literary celebrities have resembled Carlyle in being "gey ill to get on wi'," and somehow I have formed this impression of Coventry Patmore from reading the admirable monograph on him which Mr. Edmund Gosse has contributed to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's series of "Literary Lives." Yet it would not be easy to set down the reasons for this impression. For Patmore could not have had a more sympathetic biographer than Mr. Gosse; but, kindly though he draws the portrait, he does not smooth out the wrinkles, nor erase the warts, so that we are the more convinced of its truthfulness. Few poets of the nineteenth century had a more irregular career than Patmore, whose popularity bloomed, and withered, and bloomed again, in a perplexing way. "The Angel in the House" has been widely read, and must still enjoy some favour. It holds a mighty message to the present age in its beautiful ideal of the wedded life, and for that reason alone, apart from its high poetic qualities, its refined simplicity of form, one would be glad to know that Patmore's great work was still popular. Mr. Gosse has two distinct manners in his biographical writings, and they are illustrated here just as they are to be noted in his recent "French Profiles." Recording essential facts, and even in criticism, he is often so impersonal in his touch that it might be any journeyman of letters who was writing; but let him break into reminiscence, and no literary biographer can be more engaging. It is a pity that so excellent a monograph as this should not have been provided with an index. It is copiously illustrated, and admirably produced.

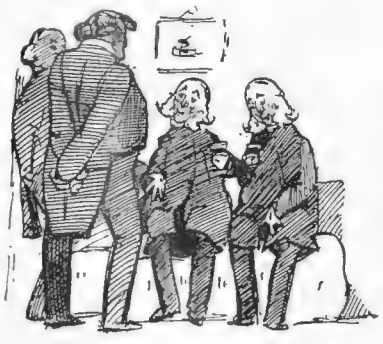
Stevenson's Popularity

When I was in Birmingham the other day, I spent a pleasant hour with Mr. Linnell, the able manager of Messrs. Cornish Brothers, whom I regard as the princes of the book trade. Discussing the forthcoming new edition of Stevenson's works, to be edited by his widow, Mr. Linnell assured me that no author outrivals him in the unceasing demand for his books. "We are selling him almost every hour." So much for the croakers who rejoice to tell us that Stevenson's vogue has passed away. But, truly, there is no end to the literature about "R. L. S." I hear that another volume of letters from Samoa, written by Mrs. R. L. Stevenson to friends at home, may see the light this year.

"The Club of Queer Trades"

The inspiration of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new book is very evident. If Stevenson had not written "The New Arabian Nights," Mr. Chesterton might never have conceived

"The Club of Queer Trades" (Messrs. Harper: 6*s.*). But I must hasten to point out that there is no implied stricture on Mr. Chesterton's work in this, for he has written a book which, like everything from his pen that I have read, is quite *suo more*, and no higher compliment can be paid him. It is in the fantastic conception of a group of men who have each invented some new trade, whereby he gains his livelihood, that one discerns the influence of Stevenson, and the manner of the stories also recalls, in some degree, the "Suicide Club" and "The Rajah's Diamond." The humour is more obvious than in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and it is difficult to imagine anyone being mystified by it. The author seems to have set himself solely to entertain his readers, and his success is beyond question. If I may confess to a preference, where all the stories are so good, I would mention "The Awful Reason of the Vicar's Visit." This illustrates the business methods of the "Professional Detainers," whose duties are to call on people and detain them from fulfilling engagements by involving them in some absurdly interesting, but entirely fictitious, mystery. Those who can impersonate vicars are most in demand. I reproduce one of Mr. Chesterton's drawings to this tale—for he is his own illustrator in this new book. The ample figure in the foreground is no very remote suggestion of his own Johnsonian form.



"We are now permanently Vicars"

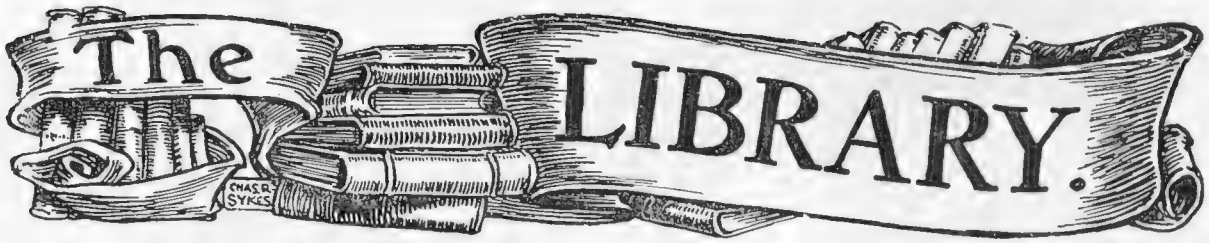
A drawing by Mr. G. K. Chesterton illustrating his "Club of Queer Trades," just published by Messrs. Harper

Romantic Italy

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., who are among the most enterprising of our leading publishers, have cultivated with great success a class of literature for which it is pleasant to know there is a wide circle of readers even in these days when men, women, and children, are supposed to be devouring nothing but novels. I refer to their many and excellent works in what may be termed the romance of history. Although issued at a high price, they are not dear, for these books with which the name of this firm is so honourably identified, are admirably produced, beautifully printed and bound, and illustrated profusely. All these attractions are to be noted in their latest production of this class: "The Romance of Savoy," by the Marchesa Vitelleschi. No one who has visited Italy with more than the gaping tourist's fleeting interest in the romantic side of its history, but must have had his imagination stirred with thoughts of the illustrious Princes of Savoy, who founded the fortunes of the reigning house, and whose names are associated with so many of the most beautiful spots in that fair realm of old romance. All who have, in any measure, come under the spell of Italy will find in these two handsome volumes excellent entertainment, and those who have still to make the acquaintance of the most alluring of holiday lands, would do well to read them as a delightful introduction to its history. The Marchesa has much too vivacious a manner to be confounded with Professor Dryasdust, and even were her subject less fruitful of romantic interest, one could not conceive her failing to make her story attractive. O course, she has attempted nothing so forbidding as a complete history of the House of Savoy, but has wisely devoted her researches to the life and reign of Victor Amadeus II., which cover the last third of the seventeenth and the first of the eighteenth centuries—years of great political stress, of intrigue, war, and conquest. The Marchesa is no careless amateur of letters, but writes with easy grace of manner, and gives constant evidence of the laborious care with which she has amassed the material she handles to such good purpose. The novelist, in search of a little exploited period wherein to set an historical tale, might find some inspiration in these fascinating volumes.

The Marchesa Vitelleschi and her daughter

The Marchesa has just written an important historical work, "The Romance of Savoy," which has been published by Messrs. Hutchinson



"Rita" has discarded all the trite expedients of lover and marriage in her new novel, *Queer Lady Judas*, which Messrs. Hutchinson announce. She has neither hero nor heroine, but gives what she considers to be ample compensation in a wholesale exposure of the frailties and foibles of the better-looking sex. Rushing into territories where her brother novelists fear to tread, "Rita" saves herself by stating that her book is 'a tale "of women, for women, by a woman"—thereby, of course, spreading her net to catch the sterner sex as well, while the publishers bait it with the further announcement that "it is a book all women should read, and some men—notably husbands." Why husbands, since marriage has nothing to do with the tale? Its truths, we are told, "penetrate to the very core of feminine folly and feminine vanity," so, perhaps, it would be indiscreet to admit the innocent bachelor to all these secrets. And the innocent bachelor will be the first to buy the book—which, after all, is probably what "Rita" and her publishers intended.

Our readers have not forgotten Marie Corelli's outspoken criticism of many of the evils of the day, both social and moral, which recently appeared in THE BYSTANDER. She has now incorporated that remarkable series of papers in a volume entitled *Free Opinions Freely Expressed*, which Messrs. Constable are to publish on the 17th inst. This is the first of Miss Corelli's books to appear through Messrs. Constable, who have now apparently become her publishers in general, for they have also arranged to issue her next novel, which will be ready early next year.

Messrs. Sonnenschein announce, under the title of *A Forgotten Heroine*, a life of ex-Queen Maria Sophia of Naples, the valiant consort of the insipid young monarch who lost his crown over forty years ago, when the two Sicilies were merged by force of arms in the kingdom of United Italy. The throne was tottering when Francis II. succeeded his father, the notorious King "Bomba," who, among his other iniquities, had left his son motherless barely a fortnight after his birth; for Bomba, in a brutal jest, had pulled a chair from under the Queen shortly before Francis was born and she never recovered from the effects of the fall. Maria Sophia was the handsome sister of the Empress of Austria—whose own sad life was ended by assassination—and nobly she faced the misfortunes and humiliations which were heaped upon her after she became Queen of Naples. When she was shut up with the King in Galta, during the combined bombardment from land and sea, she set a rare example of reckless bravery. "When the Queen was abroad on her visits of mercy," says one historian, "a black flag indicated her whereabouts, and there the Italians refrained from pointing their guns. Maria Sophia, however, despised this courteous discrimination, and was often to be found on the ramparts in the thick of the smoke and din of battle, encouraging the gunners; heedlessly exposing herself 'midst a rain of flying shells and bullets." With the collapse of their kingdom, the young Sovereigns wandered about from place to place until 1894, when Francis II. died, but his courageous Consort is still alive, and makes her headquarters, we believe, in Paris. Her biography has been written by the Norwegian author, Clara Tschudi, who wrote the life of the late Empress of Austria, and it has been translated into English by Miss Ethel H. Hearn.

Books to Order

GENERAL LITERATURE

Browning. By Professor Herford. The long-expected volume in the "Modern English Writers" Series. (Blackwood: 2s. 6d.)

Our Soudan: Its Pyramids and Progress. A splendidly illustrated work on the Nile Valley. By John Ward, F.S.A. (Murray: 21s. net.)

A Peculiar People: The Doukhobors. By Aylmer Maude, who was largely responsible for the removal of this remarkable Russian sect to Canada. Illustrated. (Constable: 6s. net.)

NEW FICTION

The New Manor. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward Lock: 6s.)

Hearts of Wales. By "Allen Raine." Published to-day. (Hutchinson: 6s.)

The Youngest Miss Brown. By Florence Warden. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

Lady Margaret Sackville, whose first volume of "Poems," published in 1901, when she was barely twenty years old, raised hopes that we had a new writer who might in time achieve something worthy of the traditions of English poetry, has a new volume of verse—*A Hymn to Dionysius and other Poems*—coming out with Mr. Elkin Mathews this month. Lady Margaret is a daughter of the seventh Earl De La Warr, and has a somewhat remarkable poetical ancestry, including the first Earl of Dorset, Thomas Sackville, who was joint author with Thomas Norton of the first blank verse tragedy in the English language—acted in 1562 before Sackville's second cousin, Queen Elizabeth—and the sixth Earl of Dorset, Charles Sackville, one of the Merry Monarch's special favourites, whose delightful song, "To all you ladies now on land," is still to be found in most English anthologies.

ILLUSTRATED MISQUOTATIONS

In the Spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—raiment

DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

RECONSTRUCTING ONE'S STYLE

La Débâcle

The heading of my article this week may look strange to the eyes of those happy golfers who have never had to undergo the painful experience of having their house of golf tumble about their ears, and of being forced to rebuild it brick on brick by the sweat of their brow. But I have some doubt as to whether such a fortunate player has ever existed, for I believe that to all of us, sooner or later, there comes the evil day when something goes wrong. Some there are, of course, who have had to build up their game, piece by piece, from the beginning, and who have a means of escape at every storey of their structure, ready at hand in moments of emergency to save them from utter destruction. What I am writing now is not intended for such as these, because their game is built up in so many water-tight compartments, and a leak in one part does not necessarily entail the swamping of the whole. My metaphors are getting a bit mixed, but I think that most players will understand what I mean.

Nonplussed

I am addressing myself more particularly to those who have learnt the game in boyhood, and to whom, therefore, their style and methods have come by instinct and imitation. They play the game without giving much thought to the how or why, and very often they may go on playing for many years before anything untoward happens to them. Possibly they may do a little slicing, or hooking, or topping, but not sufficient to give them pause and make them put their game, so to speak, under a microscope, and examine it in all its parts, with the object of discovering its defects. But, as I say, there will come a day when something goes entirely wrong. Then the kind of player I have in my mind's eye is completely nonplussed. Hitherto, he has given no scientific thought to the component parts of his style, and, for the moment, he has nothing to fall back upon. He probably turns to his caddie, who knows his style, and implores him to say what the deuce it is that he is doing wrong.

"When the Blind——"

Now, for the most part, the great race of caddies, even of the best Scottish make, is in the same case as my unhappy imaginary player. They all play by instinct, and hardly one of them is able to tell a player exactly what fault he is committing. My unhappy wight will probably, in answer to his despairing appeal, have some one of the great golfing texts thrown to him, such as, "ye're just pressing," or "ye're coming up ower straught," or "ye're not keeping your eye on the ba'." Now, these are admirable counsels of perfection, but in a time of stress, such as I am picturing, they are about as much use as a champagne cork would be to a drowning swimmer. It is rare, as I say, to find a professional player who can tell another player how to correct a fault. Hardly any of them have gone through the vicissitudes necessary for the complete equipment of the perfect mentor. Our despairing golfer is, therefore, thrown back on his own resources, and has, perforce, to learn, in the bitter school of practical experience, how to correct his own faults. Of course, there are exceptional professionals who possess the happy knack of being able to put themselves into somebody else's skin, and who have the power of putting into words the counsels which will heal the wounds of faulty play.

Counsellors Rare

But they are few and far between; and it is better for a golfer to be able to apply his own remedies. I would, therefore, advise all players to study their game in such a way as a seaman overhauls his ship in calm weather, so as to have everything taut when the storm comes. Just as in the delicate machine called the body, the slightest defect in a part will throw the whole out of working order, so in the game of golf a very small faultiness in one particular will bring the entire game of a player to ruin. It may be only a very small fault, such as moving a foot out of place during the swing, standing a little closer or further away than one's usual stance, looking up a fraction too soon, bringing the club up too straight from the ball, or a hundred and one other faults of like nature. Whatever it may be, there will be no peace for the unhappy golfer till he has got to the bottom of his error. The best way is to go to some retired spot of the links, or even to some empty field, and fight it out with the particular club that is doing the mischief. In the course of such experiments, the golfer will probably light upon some little trick that will help him in future. If he is topping, let him imagine that his club is tied to the ground for a space of four inches behind the ball, making it impossible for him to lift his club too soon. This will ensure his sweeping well away from the ball, and will flatten the circle of his swing. Having once taken his style to pieces, and built it up again, he will always be in a position to remedy any of the defects which are bound to come about even in the most perfect golfing armoury.

Ernest Lehmann

Why not the Totalisator in England?

General view of the Totalisator, as in use at Auteuil, the well-known Paris race course

The complaints, which have been growing in past years, of the short odds offered by bookmakers, and the upsetting of the arrangements between the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life*, by which these journals agreed on the market price to be paid on winning horses, drew attention to the necessity of a more satisfactory method of deciding odds. If the Jockey Club were to adopt the method of the totalisator, without which no race meeting is complete, either abroad or in the Colonies, it would at once settle the vexed question of odds on the course on a mathematical basis

Betting by means of the Totalisator, at Auteuil: The counter at which tickets are sold

For instance, supposing at some big race meeting, such as the Derby, there were several totalisators selling tickets, ranging in price from £1 to, say, a shilling, the amount returned to the fortunate backer of the winner is settled by the support the winner has had from among the total number of backers. Thus, supposing at a certain race £10,000 is paid in to the totalisator on the different horses, all to win, and supposing an outsider wins which only fifty people have backed, on an average of £10 apiece, deducting 10 per cent. from the total, this leaves £9,000 to be divided among fifty people, which would mean that for every sovereign they would get £18, the odds in this case being eighteen to one

Out with the Hailsham (Foot) Harriers

The meet in front of the Master's (Mr. Campbell's) house at "Priesthaus," Hankham, Sussex

An "old 'un" gives the field a lead—

—which a "young 'un" fails to follow

Photos by *Breach*

To Hindhead on a Fine Sunday

Big cars, little cars, tricars, motor-bikes, swarmed on the Ripley road last Sunday week. It was an ideal day—blue sky, a few fleecy clouds, sunny, with a touch of Spring in the air, and a spin on one of those useful 14-20 h.-p. Renaults was a rare treat. Tanks full, four up, London was soon behind and Kingston in sight. Passing under the railway bridge, a friendly cyclist indicated, with an expressive wave, the presence of the police. Throttling to a crawl, the plain clothes portion of the trap, watch in hand, was spotted on the path, where the road bends to the right into the town. This timely warning had its effect, and, treating the district with respect, a fifteen-mile an hour crawl was observed until Esher was behind. Then, in company with many another motor, away to Cobham, over a good road surface. Just out of Cobham, before Pain's Hill Bridge, a shout of "trap" from the tonneau, and on went the brakes—two constables just beyond the bridge. (I was caught in this trap last year, and, apparently, it is in working order again.) Over Wisley Common, past the Hut Hotel, with its usual cluster of cars, to Ripley, Guildford, and away through Godalming, with always a car or two in sight, for glorious Hindhead. The climb over, we stopped just past the gibbet bend, and lunched in the open air, viewing the Punch Bowl panorama. Only forty odd miles from London, in, perhaps, the best part of our beautiful county of Surrey, one blessed the petrol motor which has made such a picnic possible to Londoners. The homeward journey was without incident, except for another trap midway between Guildford and Ripley—a polite question eliciting the fact that they had caught three cars.

Wanted—500 Motorists to pay £3 3s.

I suggested last week that a society is wanted to collect information with regard to police traps, and to issue due warning to all its subscribers. The first ventures of this organisation should take the form of controlling the Brighton and the Portsmouth roads. These routes are largely used by motorists, and they would be even more popular if owners of cars could feel themselves secure from police persecution while travelling over them. If five hundred London motorists were to subscribe three guineas apiece, after paying the rent of a small London office and a clerical secretary's salary, about £650 would remain for actual work on each of these two roads. Each road would be divided up into convenient sections of about ten to fifteen miles, each section would be entrusted to some motor repairer (or petrol supplier) living on that section, and in return for a payment of, approximately, £1 to £1 10s. a week he would be expected to keep a sharp eye on the section allotted to him. If necessary, he would have to employ a boy, whose sole work would be to cycle up and down that particular piece and watch it carefully. All agents of the society would be connected by telephone with headquarters, and

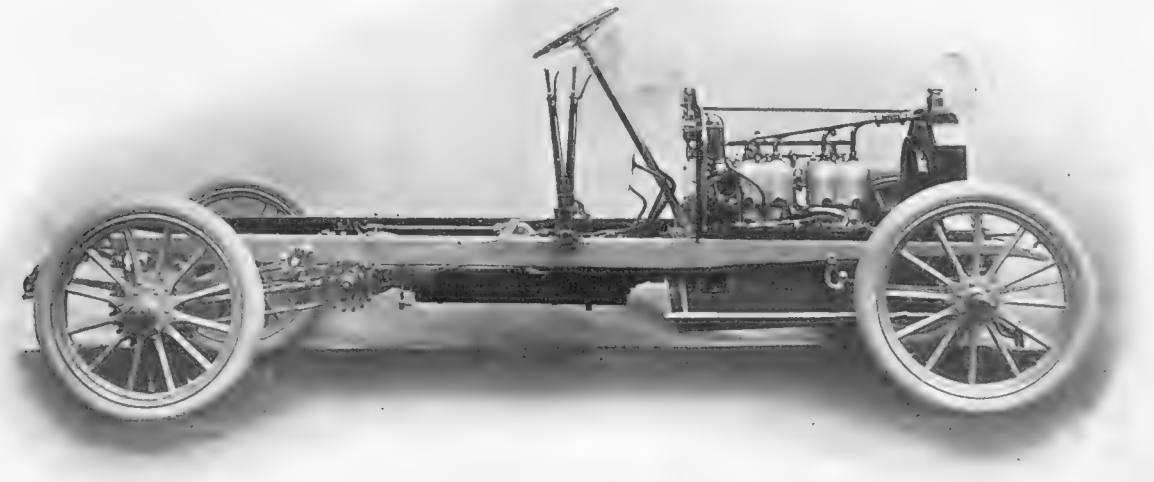


Photo by *Argent Archer*

The new four-cylinder Mass car

Owing to its silence and elasticity, the Lancaster Motor Garage booked a good few orders at Islington for this type

with each other. A motorist going to Portsmouth would stop at, say, Kingston, and would receive from the society's agent there a list of the traps brought up to date, and in the event of any fresh traps being set in any particular section during the day, the agents on either side of that trap would hang out an unmistakable danger signal. The motorist would pull up, enquire, save his money, and prevent the endorsement of his license. Such a scheme may sound illegal, and almost immoral, to those who do not motor, but the cost of police traps to the motoring community is so large—and they recur with such regularity on the same well-known motoring routes—that, in self-defence, motorists would do well to adopt some such method of protection.

50-60 is the brake h.-p., there is ample power to carry the comfortable body fitted to it. There are two ignitions, magneto and high tension, and each cylinder is fitted with two plugs. Electricity is made good use of all over the car, for not only is there a lamp under the cape hood, but electric lamps are fitted either side of the front seats on swivels, so that sign posts can be read from the car. Each of the dashboard fittings has a small lamp arranged over it, and, by simply pressing a button, the horn itself is blown by a neat electrical device. Another novelty was an extra seat on the step, so that the chauffeur can occupy that handy position without inconveniencing the front passengers. A big engine and a low gear ensure good hill-climbing qualities; two

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Site of the new Biarritz-Arcachon Motor Boulevard

The above rough, but picturesque, track, skirting the west coast of France for 166 miles, between Biarritz and Arcachon, is being turned into a magnificent boulevard, forty feet in width. The new boulevard will be practically straight, except for one or two bends, such as that seen in the illustration, and will be especially adapted for automobile runs

The Ripley Road Has Lost Its Jarratt

Talking of traps, reminds me of Sergeant Jarratt's recent promotion to an inspectorship. Probably the best-known member of the force between London and Guildford, he was responsible for an extraordinary number of cycle and motor prosecutions. Latterly, however, his reign was a mild one, and he interfered but little with the motor traffic on the Ripley road. Now an inspector at Egham, his powers extend from Staines Bridge to Sunningdale Station. I had a chat with him quite recently, and, while I am inclined to think that he will not renew his policy of traps at Egham, yet motorists would do well to approach and leave Egham Hill with due caution.

A Grand Germain

One of the cars which interested me most at Islington, was a luxurious Germain. Engined with a four-cylinder motor of nominally 36-h.-p., as

ignitions minimise sparking trouble; big Colliers guarantee an absence of punctures; electricity is made full use of; in short, those who wish for a really comfortable car would do well to inspect this Germain.

Motor-Boat Trials

Early in July, the Automobile Club propose to hold the second annual trial for motor-boats. As last year, Southampton Water has been chosen for the test, and the competitors will run round a rectangular course for ten hours a day. The boats can be fitted with petrol or steam engines, and marks will be allotted for comparative safety of different fuels, reliability, speed, and economical running. Last year's trials proved rather slow and unexciting to the onlookers and official observers, yet there is no doubt that the power-boat manufacturers gain greatly from such public trials, and I hope that the Club will obtain plenty of support.

The Roaring Racers are Ready

The principal competitors for the Gordon Bennett Cup are making their appearance. The Panhards are already on the road in France, while an English representative—a 90 h.-p. Wolseley—is now in the tuning-up stage. It is to be driven by Bianchi, who was Mr. Jarrott's mechanician in the 1903 Paris-Madrid race. He has raced twice over the Ardennes circuit, and he and Mr. Jarrott were in a serious smash last year in Ireland. The new Wolseley, which this clever little driver is to skipper, is fitted with a four-cylinder horizontal engine giving 90 b.h.-p. at 1,000 revolutions. The gear-box has four speeds and a reverse, a three-point suspension, and is fitted with ball bearings. This Wolseley engine, like other racing motors, has automatic inlet valves. Why do manufacturers race with automatic, and sell the public motors with mechanical, valves? I am repeatedly told that mechanical valves are better, but for two reasons I am still unconvinced. First, that, as I have just stated, racing engines have automatic valves, and, secondly, that M. De Dion-Bouton, a firm whose models are based on the best practice, still (alone, I believe, amongst manufacturers) adhere to automatic, even on their new four-cylinder 15 h.-p. car.

A new electric four-wheeled hansom

By a patented arrangement, the front glass, yielding at once to the least pressure from inside, eliminates all danger from broken glass

Prevent Motorists From Breaking the Law

Real co-operation is required this season from my readers. Early information of police traps is wanted for publication. I therefore offer a reward of 10*s.* 6*d.* for *detailed particulars* of any fresh police traps. I stipulate only that: (1) the trap shall be in England; (2) that it has not been published before; (3) that I pay only once for each trap—that is, to the person who first sends it in. N.B.—Policemen may compete.

Alfred C. Hunter.

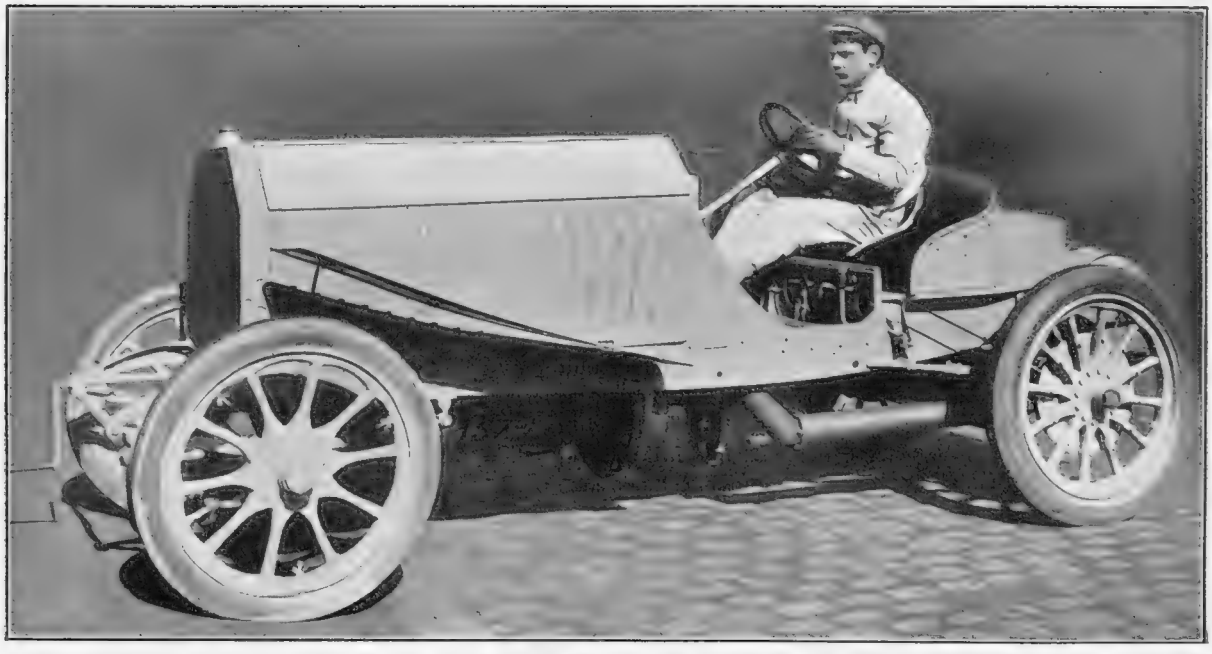


Photo by **A Likely Cup Winner: 100 h.-p. Panhard** *[Topical Agency*

HOCKEY: THE CLOSING SEASON

The Closing Season

With the international matches comes the close of the Hockey season, and the present year will long be remembered by players as one of the best in the annals of the game. Very few matches have had to be postponed owing to grounds being unfit, a great contrast to last season, when many clubs were only able to complete about half their fixture lists from this cause.

The Internationals

Last year, at Dublin, England sustained her first defeat, and great interest was evinced in this season's meeting between the Rose and the Shamrock, which took place at Surbiton on March 25. Between three and four thousand lined the ropes, and a very keenly fought and interesting game resulted in the defeat of the Shamrock by four goals to one. The selection of both teams had met with general approval, and both turned out as selected, with one important exception, Stanley Shoveller, the English centre forward, being compelled, owing to illness, to stand down in favour of J. W. Horne. Owing to an unfortunate dispute amongst the members of the Welsh selection committee, which caused the abstention, at the last moment, of seven of the selected players, the Welsh team at Newport was almost entirely composed of members of the local club. As was only to be expected, in these circumstances, the Englishmen gained an easy victory. I have not space to touch upon the merits of the dispute, but there will probably be "wigs upon the green" at the next meeting of the Welsh Association.

Divisional and County Matches

The Southern Counties have again the best record in the Divisional matches, having beaten all their rivals. The North showed a great improvement upon their form of recent years, and occupy the second place with wins over the Midlands and the West, while the Midlands succeeded in beating the West, who bring up the rear without a victory. County matches have increased in number and interest, but the practice which prevails in the South, of playing these matches in mid-week, often causes the teams which turn out to be mere shadows of those selected.

Club Form

For the third consecutive season, the Staines club have escaped defeat, and only those who know the strain which is often put upon a club by holidays, and the sickness, or staleness, of the players, can realise how much there is to be proud of in this record. What a fine match would be afforded by the meeting of Staines and Palmerston, the latter club holding an almost similar record in Ireland.

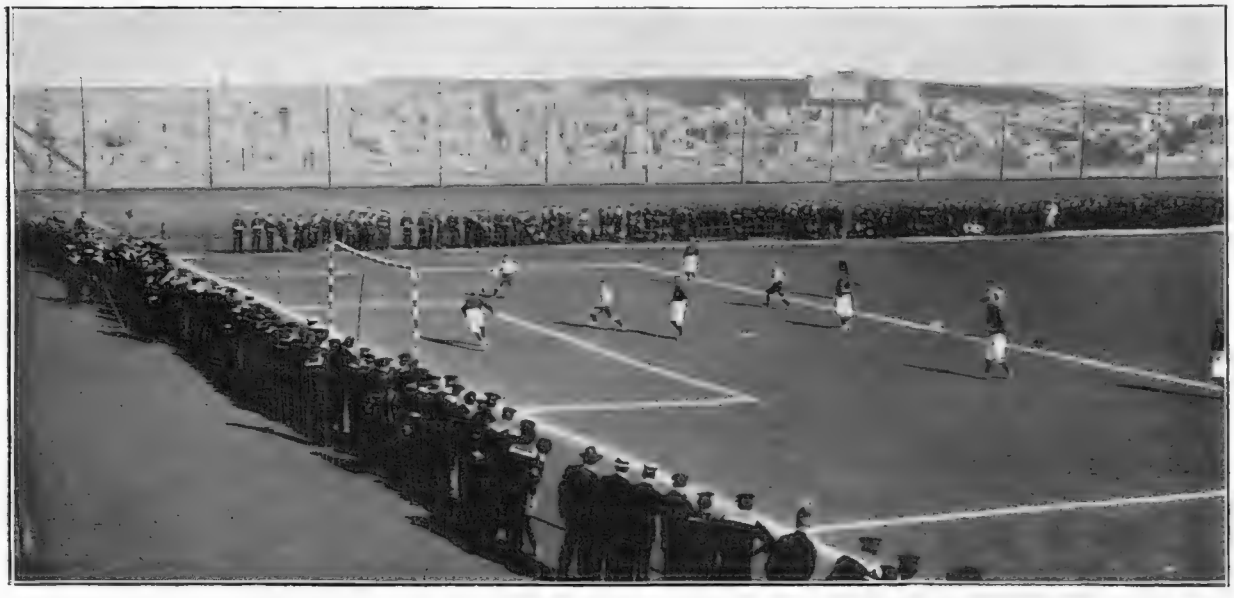


Photo by **Navy v. Army Football Match at Malta, for the "Daily Malta Chronicle" Cup: A hot shot by the Navy** *[Cleaves*

After the most exciting match, the Army managed to pull off the victory by two goals to one

The League Question

Club hockey, generally, has been marked by a great levelling-up of form, and whereas, a season or two ago, there were only six or seven first-class clubs in the London district, there are now three times that number. The conservatism of many of the older clubs with regard to their fixture lists, lends additional point to the demand for a league, or leagues, which has been renewed in several quarters this season. Many of the leading clubs retain fixtures with opponents who can no longer be considered in the first flight, to the exclusion of younger organisations, which, by the selection of their members for representative matches, and, when opportunity offers, by the overthrow of an old-time giant, have proved their right to be numbered amongst the "cracks." The League system in Ireland is very successful, as is also a National Cup on the knock-out system, and there seems less objection to the latter than the former style of competition.

B. D. G.

MATTERS MUSICAL

Music at the Theatre

To observe that music has no part in musical comedy, makes no demands on anyone's critical faculty: it is a self-evident fact. It is unfortunate that the same may be said of the music which is presented with the ordinary stage play. The object of having music at all in such cases is (from the point of view of the audience) to afford a relief from the spoken word, but too often it is not only no relief, but a positive irritation. Quite a usual proceeding is it to play half a dozen selections from various highly-successful musical comedies, and, after what I have said above, it is needless to offer further remarks on that, but even when special incidental music has been composed, one fares little better, for, apparently, a commission for such work proves a dangerous incentive to the composer's ambition, so that instead of being contented with nonsense of average quietness, he introduces, about every ten bars or so, sudden and alarming blasts on the cornet and trombone.

An Opportunity Missed

Banter apart, however, it is a pity that it is not a recognised thing to entrust the writing of incidental music to a musician of repute, in place of the unknown hireling of present custom. Mr. Tree's *Much Ado About Nothing* is finished, so it will be doing him no harm to point out what an opportunity was missed in the famous church scene. His Majesty's Theatre is provided with a large orchestra, an organ in the flies, and a well-trained chorus, and yet the effect was tawdry instead of impressive, simply because the music meant absolutely nothing. This is only a single instance, but it is lamentably seldom that one hears any music worth listening to at the theatre.

Why have Music at all?

It will be objected that the music is not the point in many plays, and that the question of expense stands in the way of first-rate orchestral players being obtained, but if that is so, it would be more economical, and vastly more entertaining to the audience, to provide a single conjurer or ventriloquist to perform between the acts. It is announced that a season of opera will mark the opening of the new Waldorf Theatre, which is rapidly approaching completion. Now, for opera, one must have a good orchestra; is it too much to hope, that after the termination of the opera season, the same band will be kept on to play during the succeeding run of drama which is also promised?

"Strictly Moderate Prices"

The fact that Mr. Russell, who directed the Italian opera season at Covent Garden last year, is in command of the Waldorf arrangements, should be a sufficient guarantee of excellent performances of *Pagliacci*, *La Sonnambula*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Il Barbiere*, and other favourites, which are, it is stated, already arranged for, and it certainly points in the same direction that Madame Calvé, Miss Alice Nielsen, Mr. de Lucia, and Mr. Ancona, are said to have been engaged. Prices of seats, it was originally announced, were to be at ordinary theatre rates, but it is somewhat ominous to hear them now described as "strictly moderate." One wishes the undertaking every success, for it will do Covent Garden no harm to have a rival.

Photo by *London Stereo Co.*

Madame Calvé

Who, it is stated, will appear at the new Waldorf Theatre opera season

Musical Archæology

Miss Grace Sunderland and Mr. Frank Thistleton, who have just completed a series of concerts of chamber music, are musical archæologists, and though no one will deny that the archæologist performs a useful office in investigating the forms of ancient work, both material and mental, they are, I think, not always judicious in unearthing fragments by acknowledged masters which hardly do them credit. For instance, at their last concert were presented a concerto for piano, with string accompaniment, and a sonata for flute, violin, piano, and 'cello, both by J. S. Bach, and two sonatas by W. A. Mozart for organ, two violins, and 'cello, which were obviously unworthy of the great names of these composers, and were probably never written with any intention of their being performed in public. At the same time, these artists have brought forward many charming compositions practically unknown, and calculated to bring joy to the hearts of true lovers of chamber music.

H. F.

BRIDGE: New Weekly Competitions

SECOND WEEK'S QUESTIONS AND PRIZES

WEEKLY COMPETITION, No. II.

This week we publish the second of our new Weekly Bridge Competitions for Weekly and Quarterly prizes. In the conception of the problems, simplicity has been aimed at in order that everybody may stand an equal chance — that beginners may send in solutions equally with the most ardent devotees of the game.

The conditions are appended for the guidance of readers, but it must be understood that in any case of dispute the Editor's decision is final.

THE BYSTANDER'S

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION,

with a Weekly Competition running concurrently.

Prizes:

WEEKLY Competition—First Prize each week: Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: A "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, comprising a morocco leather box, two packs "BYSTANDER" pneumatic cards, two scoring boards, and book of rules, all by Messrs. De La Rue and Co., value £1 1*s.* each.

QUARTERLY Competition—

£10 10 0 in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

Other Money Prizes will be added and duly announced as the Competition proceeds, if the number of Competitors warrant it. Therefore, the more persons that enter, the greater the opportunity for winning a Prize.

What You Have to Do

1. Below, three questions are asked. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem IV., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Remember "Brevity is the soul of wit," and the competitor who answers the questions correctly, and gives the reasons as succinctly as possible, will be preferred to the competitor who says the same thing in a long-winded manner.

3. Having answered the three questions—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

4. If you wish to enter for the Quarterly Competition, select a *nom de guerre*—not one that everyone else is likely to choose—and write it plainly in the bottom left-hand corner of your solution, with inverted commas to it.

5. A competitor who has won a prize in the weekly competition is thereby debarred from winning a further prize this quarter, although he or she can, of course, win the Quarterly Prize of Ten Guineas.

6. Below will be found the second week's three Problems. Give your solutions, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, April 10, addressed to "The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.," and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

7. A competitor may send in as many answers as he or she wishes, but in every case the coupon described in the previous rule must be attached.

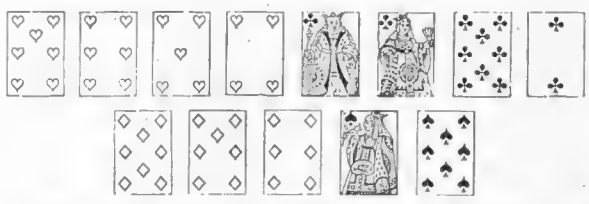
8. In our issue of April 19, the list of winners of the second Weekly Competition will be published. Marks will also be awarded in the Quarterly Competition to the different competitors under their *noms de guerre*.

9. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be obtained from any bookseller, or from our Publisher, if persons, missing the earlier numbers, wish to enter for the Quarterly Prize.

WHAT DO YOU DECLARE?

PROBLEM IV.

SCORE: 24-all.

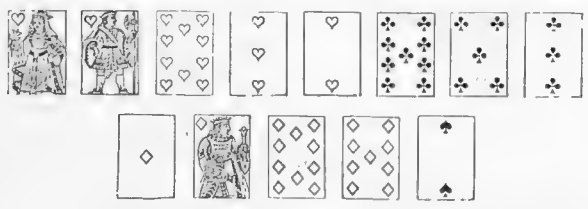


DUMMY DECLARATION: (1) **What do you declare? and (2) why?**

One final word of suggestion. Bring this competition to the notice of your friends. The more who enter for it, the merrier. By the time our first two week's problems have been answered, we can decide whether we shall be justified, according to the number of entries, in adding to the quarter's prizes. PROBLEMATICUS.

PROBLEM V.

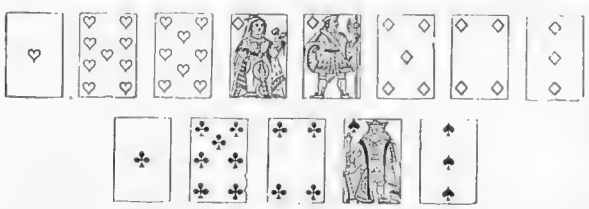
SCORE: Dealer, 12; Adversaries, 18



DUMMY DECLARATION: (1) **What do you declare? and (2) why?**

PROBLEM VI.

SCORE: Dealer, 20; Adversaries, Love.



DUMMY DECLARATION: (1) **What do you declare? and (2) why**

MANY of the greatest masterpieces are so difficult that only one or two of the very foremost pianists can play them. The Paganini Etude, No. 2, by Liszt, the arrangement by Rosenthal of Chopin's Op. 64, No. 1, and Leschetizky's Intermezzo in Octaves are instances. Yet to the Pianola they are just as easy as the simplest folk song, and, wonderful as this may seem, it is by no means the chief of the Pianola's claims on your attention. With the Metrostyle Pianola you can play the rolls that Grieg and Bauer and Chaminade have interpreted, and in the same manner, at the same tempo, and with the same effects, as these artistes rendered them. And another point, you are given every facility to interpret every one of the thirteen thousand different compositions contained in the Pianola repertoire, according to your own conception of them.

Musical knowledge is not the essential thing in Pianola playing, but musical taste, and to a greater or less extent this is common to all.

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CHAMPAGNE: The stuff that makes the world go round.

MINE: A hole in the ground owned by a liar.

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A Woman's Pocket Book

I have just been reading an entertaining article upon the "bachelor girl," in which the author puts forth, with emphasis, the advantages of what he calls "single blessedness" to the ordinary middle-class girl. She is, he says, a coming problem (though, if she is a problem at all, I think she is one that has arrived), and he proceeds to describe her, or rather, her jolly sort of life of independence and general gaiety, when she earns her own living in one way or another—let us say, to keep to his own idea of bliss, when she "manages a café, with walls decorated after the design of a poster-artist." Personally, I should think managing a café, except, perhaps, in rare moments, when one was in a positively radiant temper, a wearisome concern, with its constant demand upon one for smiles, patience, and small politenesses to irritating customers; and I know many women who would infinitely prefer some duller, and even less profitable work than this ideal, so that she might be allowed to do it in her own way and in peace. If there is much to be said for the pleasant independence of the "bachelor girl," there is another side to this somewhat over-painted picture. Girls have to work very hard in these days of competition if they are to succeed at all: they have to work, and worry, and watch their chance, and seize it at the risk of being ungracefully, if not exactly ill-naturedly, sharp; and after the most anxious efforts, they are failures in many cases; for there is a special talent in being a public character, just as there is in being a private one; and this talent is not to be cultivated. It is a thing that is—or is not—inborn.

Besides, after all, do the majority of girls really like being independent so very much. Only those who are behind the scenes can tell how many women put on that bright, sprightly, business-like manner, with their outdoor things in the morning, and drop it, thankfully, over a cup of tea and their own cosy fireside at night. Of course, if one has it at all, independence of manner is a thing that grows; and it is a good thing for the woman who must work, that this is so. But I have known girls of the greatest apparent coolness and self-possession rely more upon the appearance of their most-becoming hat (peeped at surreptitiously in a shop window on their way to keep an appointment) than upon any dignity of manner, since the first will remain attractive, while the other might always fail on emergency. Of course, this was peculiarly feminine, with all the business element left out; and, maybe, it is one of those things which it is just a wee bit of a shame to tell.

Another decided drawback to women, who by necessity are forced into the world to struggle for a livelihood, is that they are still regarded by the general public as a cheaper, if more inefficient, substitute for men. Sometimes, indeed, one hears it said, especially in those employments which demand deft fingers and neatness, "Get a girl to do it; she will do it better, or more quickly," but it is almost invariably added, "and she will be cheaper." Yet nearly all professions, or business capacities, into which a woman can enter, require a more or less elaborate training, which means time, money, and at least *some* brains, must be at her disposal. In view of these considerations, *is* the "bachelor girl" always to be envied? On no account, unless she succeeds, and succeeds brilliantly.

The Menu

As there is always, during Lent, a great demand for fish, I think the following recipes this week may be found useful:

Fillets of Turbot à la Gendienne
Scalloped Oysters
Fried Whiting, with Sauce Piquante

FILLETS OF TURBOT OR HALIBUT À LA GENDIENNE

Three pounds of fish, 4 oz. of Patna rice, 1 oz. of butter, two eggs, a pint of breadcrumbs, a dessertspoonful of curry powder, one pint of milk, two hard-boiled eggs. Cut the fish from the bone, remove the skin carefully, and cut the fish into neat slices, place them in a dish, season with pepper and salt, and pour over sufficient milk to cover. Prepare a stock from the bones by boiling them in seasoned water for half an hour, then strain. Cook 4 oz. of rice in boiling salted water for a quarter of an hour; when done, mix with a piece of butter and about a dessertspoonful of curry powder. Drain and wipe the fillets, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, fry them in deep fat, and drain on paper before the fire. Fill a buttered border-mould with the rice and turn out on a hot dish; place the fried fish in the centre, and cover the border of rice with slices of hard-boiled egg. Send to table with a nice white sauce.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, pepper, salt, breadcrumbs. Scald the oysters in their own liquor; take them out, beard them. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, the milk, the strained liquor from the oysters, pepper, salt; let it boil up; stir in the oysters, heat gradually, but do not boil. Butter some scallop shells, lay in the oysters, and as much of the sauce as they will hold, cover with breadcrumbs, on the top of which put small pieces of butter, brown them in the oven or before the fire.

FRIED WHITING: SAUCE PIQUANTE

Egg and breadcrumb the fish, and fry them in hot fat in which a slice of garlic has been allowed to steep for a few minutes. When done, drain carefully on clean kitchen paper and serve with

SAUCE PIQUANTE.—Chop pickled gherkins, capers, and shallots, till you have a tablespoonful of each. Put a wineglassful of vinegar in a clean saucepan with a plentiful dash of pepper and spice, add the gherkins, capers, and shallots, and boil for five minutes; then add half a pint of brown roux, a teaspoonful of anchovy, and a tablespoonful of claret; boil for seven minutes, stirring carefully, then strain through a gravy strainer, previously dipped in boiling water, and serve in a sauce tureen.

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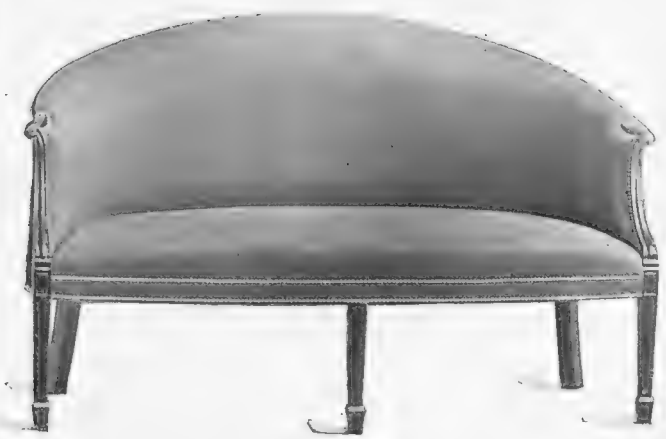

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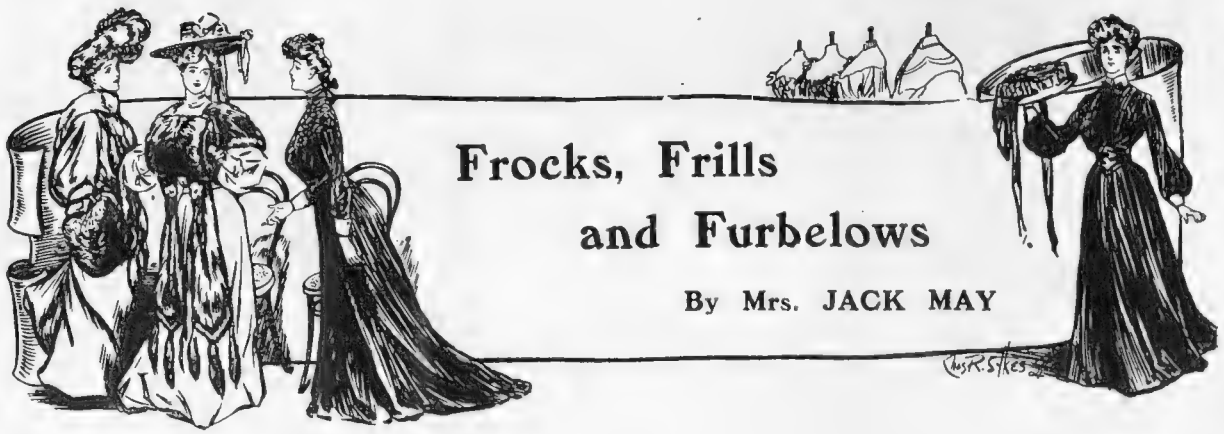

Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The plot thickens; that never-ending plot of Fashion, with its unsolvable problem, why this fancy is favoured and that is not, and its many distracting orders, as to the predominant vogue.

As a matter of fact, we have progressed out of the days when one style was permitted to usurp the entire situation, and to-day enjoy a versatility of choice that would, I am persuaded, have driven our grandmothers silly. Surely, the full meaning of the saying, that the only unpardonable sin is monotony, was never fully realised until now. Incessant change and variety is our one leading creed, with a never-ceasing endeavour to bring our realisations on a level with our expectations.

An Eldorado of Good Things

What a good shop Shoolbr.d's is! That is a remark so trite, that it might be wearisome were it not so emphatically and incontestably true. Ambrosine and I are always ready to sing its praises, although, at the same time, we are just enough to exercise a certain discriminative caution, and only lavish prodigal praise where it is due. And this prodigal praise we are prepared to bestow on the outfitting departments, where the intelligence displayed is quite exceptional. Of course, the choice ranges from baby cots—and there is, we may mention *en passant*, a perfect gem of a cot there just now, all one foamy mass of muslin and lace frills—to the latest confection in *récherché* wrappers. *Apropos* of the latter, if you want some real bargains, go quickly and secure one of a special purchase of French muslin *negligées*. There are only quite a few of these, and there are not two alike, and they have stepped down to less than half the original cost. Thus £6 10*s*. is the cost of a dream of a fine white muslin, adorned with a plethora of lace, and fine hand stitchery, and mounted throughout on silk; and £5 for a most *distingué* little fancy canvas, obviously a Parisian novelty, delicately embroidered in hyacinth blue. One does not pick up these sort of bargains every day, while, for those whose allowance demands even a lesser expenditure, Messrs. Shoolbred are providing a model of their own, that we can heartily commend, in *plissé* white muslin, inlet with lace, mounted over the best cambric in delicate colours, for the modest sum of two guineas.

Then a departure that interests us exceedingly is the large sunray pleating, which has come to take the place of that tight, close quality, recently so popular for wrappers, held in round the feet by a flounce totally inadequate in width. It will take some time to eradicate the recollection of this ugly Noah's Ark affair, although, if anything could, it would be its successor, pictured here, and procurable at Tottenham House. Built in a fine nun's veiling, the large picturesque collar, falling in points and trimmed daintily with large medallions and edging of lace, to which a sympathetic alliance is found in the new deep, handkerchief ruffles to the sleeves; this, in a long range of pretty colours, is going at 29*s*. 6*d*., and, frankly, we have never seen better value.

Where the Élite Buy their Children's Clothes

Perhaps there is nothing more impressive in these days of mushroom growths and bubble reputations than an establishment of really long standing, such as that of Jane Mason and Company, 352-354, Oxford Street. Dating back as far as 1740, the quiet pursuance of excellence has built up a reputation that comes second to none, and is, moreover, world renowned. It is no disparagement to the recently re-built premises—an event that has directly evoked these few words—to pause, in momentary regret, over the old bow-window shop front, with its small panes of glass, which has now given place to a sweep of plate glass, artistically set within frames of polished wood.

It may be said at once, that the alterations effected are in the best sense artistic, the same polished wood prevailing throughout, to which a charming carpet, in shades of brown, offers a sympathetic alliance. In lieu of the stereotyped blinds, there are soft falling curtains of cashmere, in a delicately tender shade of art green, these drawn back on pulleys to reveal the regulation short blind of white linen, elaborately inset with broad lace, a bold monogram of the lace occupying the centre.

The taste that reigns throughout is so absolutely perfect, one is entirely free of those mercantile speculations as to the probable cost. I may hint, however, that this has been excessive, though the reward will be a general acclaim of approval from the whole world of fastidious womenkind at being privileged to buy the best baby, children's, and ladies' outfitting fancies in the universe, at these charming salons. A fitting frame, truly, has been provided for goods that are placed absolutely above all criticism.

What is Icilma?

I will tell you. Icilma, in the first place, is a natural water drawn from a spring in North Africa. It possesses the most extraordinary cleansing

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A negligee, sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

properties, together with certain undeniable tonic characteristics, and very speedily assists to restore lost vitalities. Much is claimed for it as a preventive to the evil actions of sun and wind, also for the counteracting of feeble circulation and impurities of the blood. And, from out of this natural product, there has been created Icilma Fluor Cream, an emollient that is guaranteed free of all grease or dangerous metallic salts, which actually, by its cleansing properties, checks the growth of superfluous hairs, at the same time rendering the skin soft and clear.

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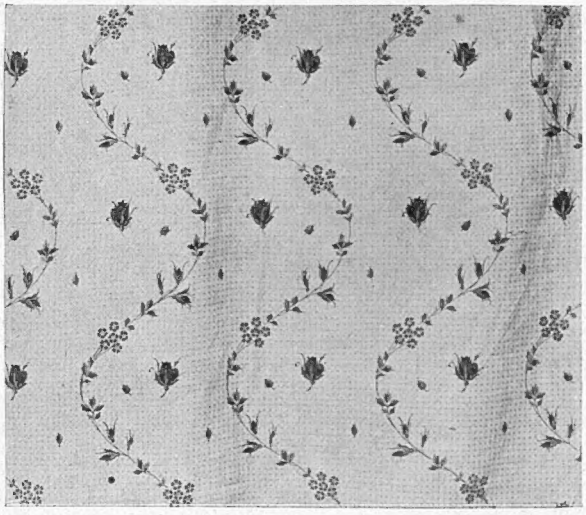
THE CONNOISSEUR

SOME NEW FABRICS AND OLD DESIGNS

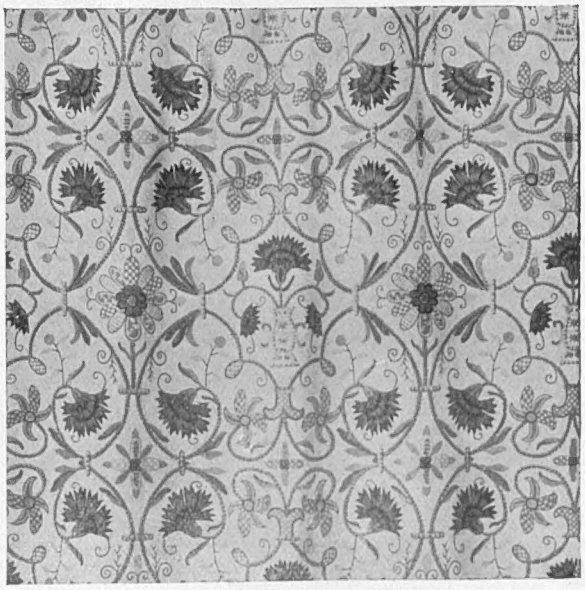
In the Spring, the young wife's fancy strongly turns to thoughts of coverings for her household gods, new curtains for the sun-lit windows, draperies for the guest chamber and the servants' hall. No recent year has produced for her delectation a more infinite variety in the direction of printed linens and cretonnes, light woollens and fine silks, than the present season, and no house has been more skilful, energetic, and resourceful in preparing these than that of Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road. This firm, to whose excellent work, in the simpler and better kinds of bedroom furniture, we have sometimes drawn attention, show the same well-informed taste in regard to fabrics. As in furniture, many of their most attractive linens, cretonnes, and chintzes are based on eighteenth-century designs, such as the extremely happy Paisley shawl pattern, printed in mauve, or in the original colours of red and blue, or the Ribbon-lattice; or another suggesting the old-fashioned cross-stitch counterpane; or again, that shown in our first



"Rosebud" pattern, with either pink or mauve roses

Linen reproduction of a characteristic design of the woven silks of the eighteenth century in England

illustration. This particular fabric is a most pleasing reproduction of woven silk in a soft linen which feels almost like wool, and will fall into graceful folds; even in those short curtains that have now come again into use, after having disappeared for something like a century. Among two hundred examples of these fabrics, it is a little embarrassing to know which to admire most. But, apart from those simple and admirable flax materials in various fine colours, which Messrs. Heal were the first to introduce some years ago, and which still are perfectly satisfactory in sitting-rooms and bedrooms alike, those designs based on some historic patterns are, perhaps, the most interesting. Among these the one we like best is the excellent reproduction of an embroidered glove, shown in our second illustration. This linen, which is printed in bright colours on a cream ground, would make a distinguished effect in almost any surroundings;

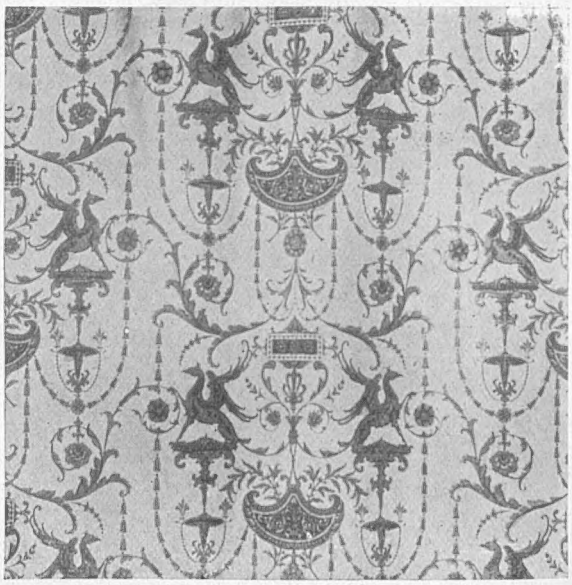


The Gauntlet

Copied on linen from an embroidered glove of the early sixteenth century, now in South Kensington Museum

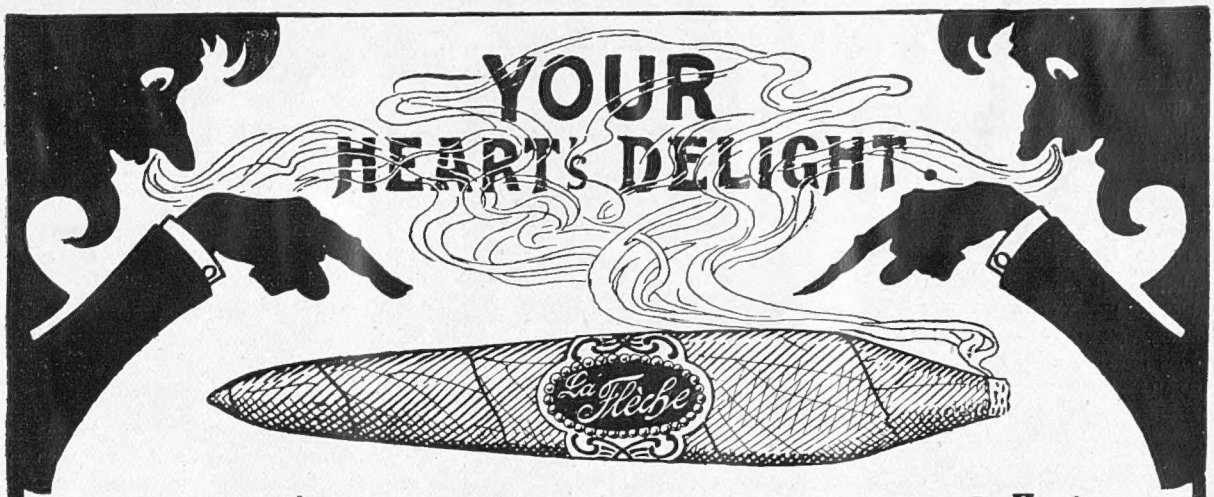
although its original date is 1506, it can be applied to the decoration of a room four hundred years younger with a perfect surety of pleasing. Another cretonne reproduces the traditional Russian design, the effect is something that of sampler work—but there is still another fabric in the collection which more especially suggests that formal but fanciful style. Our native inspiration is seen in the last picture, in which a reproduction of those untiring students of the classic, the Brothers Adam, excellently conveys the original idea. This design is printed on a white ground of cretonne in green, and we can imagine no more cool and pleasing hangings for a modern room.

E. M.



The Adam cretonne

Reproducing the classicism of the work of the Brothers Adam



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THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Interesting Souvenir

We have received from Mr. Egbert Lewis, of the Royal Theatre, Bath, an interesting little souvenir of Sir Henry Irving's farewell visit, as a player, to that city. Sir Henry had not played in Bath for over thirty years, his previous appearances there being in 1867 and 1861. Opportunity was taken of his presence in the city to invite him to undertake the unveiling of a memorial tablet to James Quin, the noted eighteenth-century actor, who passed the closing years of his life in Bath. A public presentation was afterwards made to the veteran actor by the Mayor in the Guildhall.

The Carnival at Nice in Pictures

For those who, owing to lack of time, or other reasons, are unable to experience the delights of Nice in Carnival time, there is a remarkably fine reproduction of the scene in the Urbanora series of pictures at the Alhambra. A fox hunt in the Midlands, which has also been added to the new series, provides ten minutes of exhilarating interest.

Revival of "Princess Ida"

Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, having been requested by members of the O.P. Club and also many old "Savoyards" to give some performances of *Princess Ida* during the forthcoming visit of her company to London, has arranged that the opera shall be played at the Coronet Theatre on Thursday and Friday evenings, April 6 and 7, and also at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, on Friday evening, April 28. *Princess Ida* was last played at the Savoy Theatre twenty years ago. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company sail for South Africa on December 2.

Grand National Trophy

This magnificent silver cup (of which we give an illustration) is designed on the lines of the standing cups of the sixteenth century. A finely modelled figure, representing Victory with a palm branch, surmounts the cover, while the globe upon which the figure is standing is of rock crystal. The stem, with the winged horses, makes a rich support to the body of the trophy, and on parts of the cup are some very beautiful decorations, particularly on the cover, while the plain surfaces are in pleasing contrast, and give a fine effect. The trophy has been specially designed and manufactured by the eminent goldsmiths and silversmiths, Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., London, Liverpool, etc.

The "Discal" Postcard

This is a facsimile of a postcard which, if put in a gramaphone, plays the March from *Tannhauser*

The Grand National Trophy

Manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co.

Talking Postcards

It is already possible to photograph oneself on a picture postcard and send it to a friend, and now Messrs. Ettlinger and Company have made it possible for actual speeches to be recorded and reproduced by means of a postcard at any distance. You buy your card, which costs sixpence, and having put it in your phonograph proceed to speak the message. Having addressed the card, you post it in the ordinary way, and your friend, on its receipt, slips it into his talking-machine, and listens to your message reproduced in your own voice.

The Royal Society of St. George

We have received a copy of the Annual Report and Year-Book of the Royal Society of St. George. The Report affords ample evidence of the continued success of the Society's efforts. When we reflect that England contributes nearly 90 per cent. in men and money towards the upkeep of the Empire, the habitual practice of many of our public men to throw all things English into the background, and thus hide her paramount position, is surely neither fair or politic. England is a nation with a history as great, or even greater, than any country in the world, and it is for the good of the world that her national characteristics, her distinctiveness, and her traditions, should be preserved, and to help to effect this is the great aim of the Royal Society of St. George.

MR. AITCHISON'S

"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 28: "Forewarned is Forearmed."

"Oh! I can see all right. It's only in the evening and when the light is not good that I have trouble, and I have to hold things a little further away than I used." This is a sentence which, with slight variations, we hear every day, and generally means that the speaker has reached somewhere about the age of forty and begins to feel the necessity for assistance to the eyes, but is reluctant to admit it. It is at this time that most harm is done by neglect. If fitted with proper glasses directly signs of weakness become noticeable the sight can be preserved, but in every month *without* glasses more vision will be lost than would be the case in twelve months with glasses.

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